

The TATLER

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London, April 8, 1931

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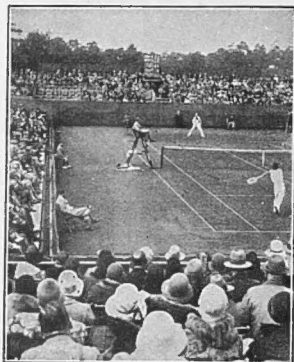
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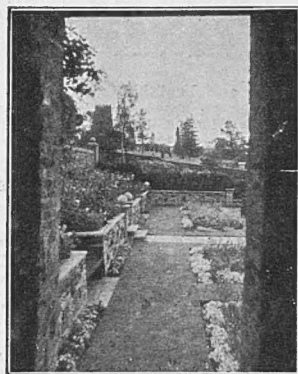
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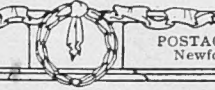
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The TATTLER



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H.M. THE QUEEN

The latest portrait taken of Her Majesty shortly before the Court moved to Windsor for Easter. Four Courts will be held in London this season—May 19 and 20, and June 9 and 10, and later during Their Majesties' visit to Edinburgh a Drawing Room and Garden Party will be held in Holyrood Palace instead of the now customary fifth Court in London.

Her Majesty the Queen's birthday is on May 26



POOLE, DUBLIN

IN "THE PHAYNIX": H.E. MR. FREDERICK A. STIRLING AND HIS SONS

Mr. Frederick A. Stirling is the United States Ambassador to the Irish Free State, and his official domicile, like those of most of the other foreign diplomatic representatives, is in Dublin's beautiful Phoenix Park. The American Legation was formerly the official residence of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Stirling's sons are John and Patrick (the gentleman on the donkey) and Dicky following up behind

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1

YOU may I fear be a fraction tired of the Grand National by the time you get my letter, but having gone there on purpose to give you a mug's-eye view of the race and its audience I am not going to be diverted from my plan. If you guess from the above that I backed all the horses which were not concerned with the finish you will be right. However, it was as Lamb would say, "A foolish day's pleasuring," and as such entirely successful.

The thrills of the race itself have been reiterated too much to give me a chance of surprising you by any original comment, and the beauties of the weather have also been faithfully reported. It was amusing trying to guess the distance people had come simply by looking at their clothes. Those from far away were leaving nothing to chance and a possible east wind, and erred on the hot side. Nearby house parties had an hour or two to the good to verify the sun's bright intentions. Lord Derby, Lord Sefton, and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster had this advantage. The party from Eaton watched the race from a barge, a good alternative to a box or the county stand which simply could not have contained another person.

The view of the whole course from the county stand was superb, but one's eye was intercepted by the startling colours



THE MARCHIONESS OF CHOLMONDELEY IN CANNES

Lady Cholmondeley, who is herself a keen motorist, has been with her husband in the recent Paris-Nice Reliability Trials. Lord and Lady Cholmondeley have a villa at Cannes

The Letters of Eve



TWO AND A FRIEND: COUNT "LUDY" SALM AND FRÄULEIN CILLY AUSSEM AT CANNES

Count Salm and Germany's lady lawn tennis star have been partners in the mixed doubles at the recent Cannes Tournament and are two of the most popular people on the whole Riviera

which glared from the paddock. Spring hats were responsible for a good deal of these, but the newly-erected Totalisator filled the eye far too much, being unnecessarily hideous and resembling an elongated army hut. Incidentally, I wonder why no official means of losing 5s. is provided. The leap from 2s. to 10s. has always struck me as needlessly large.

I have seen no account of the meeting which included the hares who entered themselves for some race of their own; anyhow, whilst the National was in progress one of them passed the post in fine style. (No tortoises visible.) Black and white was a popular form of dress, and very becoming to many who wore it. Mrs. Maurice Brett, Lady Royden, and Mrs. Roland Cubitt were a few of these, and Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell, an important Cheshireite, added a red carnation to her black suit. Miss Maud Royden, the well-known preacher, who is so refreshingly broad-minded, wore an arresting three-cornered hat, and was obviously enjoying herself immensely. So was a delightful old man in the paddock, whose gaiters, green waistcoat, and high black hat presented a picture which might have walked out of a Dickens' book.

Cheshire is one of the home preserves of the National meeting and everyone from that county who could possibly go—went. Miss Barbara Reiss, in blue, and Miss Bunty Puckle were two of the younger element; the latter rides well, but has been unlucky this season and is just recovering from her second hunting accident. Mrs. Campbell Muir, whose ponies are well known for their education, was still progressing with the aid of sticks, although it is a long time since she broke her leg.

It is impossible to make any sort of coherent list of people present as all the world were there or thereabouts. Lady Ursula Filmer Sankey and Countess Paul Munster compelled attention by their height, but looking lower Mrs. Gordon Foster, Lady Grimthorpe, and Lady Rosebery deserved praise. Sir Richard Sykes did not have a good day to start with but hoped to retrieve his losings in the penultimate race. This expectation hung on the slender thread of prophecy, which indicated Eve as

the winner, but unluckily she deceived him.

Having seen the National, one's great idea is to review the race on the screen. Therefore Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe's idea of having the Regal film transferred to their house after the public show was over was much appreciated by their friends, particularly by Major Barrett, the trainer of Annandale. No less than twelve times



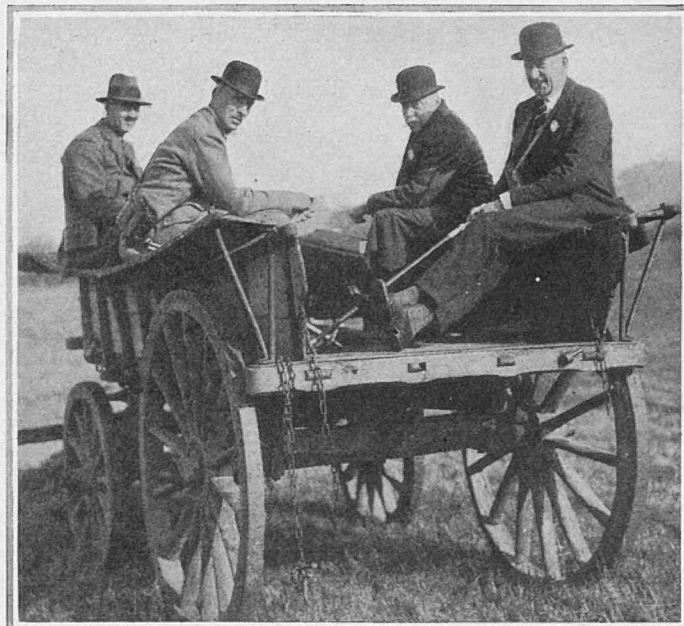
MR. M. B. TURNER

Talking to friends at the Royal Artillery Point-to-Point. He rode Captain C. E. Hare's Bachelor's Town in the Nomination race. There were six events on the card and fields were sizeable

was the film repeated at every sort of pace and then in reverse.

I'm sorry if I'm rather racy (not in an amusing sense you will say) this week, but there has been such a spate of point-to-points that it is difficult to exclude them from my letter. The Belvoir one at Barrowby sounded well worth while, according to my correspondent. Weather perfect, admirable view of the racing, which in its turn was excellent and many people good to look at. The farm wagons, which form the time-honoured grandstands at these meetings, were full of all the local celebrities.

The Joint-Masters of the hunt acted as judges, but did not have their powers of perception strained, as the winner of each race was evident from the last fence. Mrs. Jack Harrison, Lady Kesteven, Mrs. Whaley, Lady Enid Turner, and the Misses Paravicini were some of the attractions in a large crowd. Miss Diana



ONLOOKERS AT STAPLEFORD ABBOTS

Mr. Filluel, Colonel Gosling, Mr. E. L. Heatley, M.F.H., and Brig.-General A. A. Goschen, D.S.O., watching the Royal Artillery and Woolwich Garrison Point-to-Point races, held near Havering in Essex. Mr. Heatley has been Master of the Essex Union since 1918. General Goschen is Garrison Commander at Woolwich

Fellowes was particularly striking in vivid green and a leopard-skin coat, and Mrs. Edward Greenall borrowed a tiny Shetland pony and rode it about to the amusement of all the onlookers. Sir George Whichcote, as starter, permitted no delay, and sent off each lot of competitors without let or hindrance.

* * *

It is not often that a spring bride has such glorious weather for her wedding as that which greeted Miss Elizabeth Vesey when she became Mrs. William Forbes. It was hard to realize that a day could be so lovely, until repetition of the fact by every single one met made certain there was no mistake. The bride, looking very young and pretty, was almost swamped by a grove of bridesmaids. The music at the service was hearty and stirring to a degree, and people talked together as they will at weddings, but without fear of being audible.

The courtyard of the Guard's Chapel is the most admirable paddock in which runners in the race for the reception can parade for the purpose of finding and offering lifts. Lady Belper was the owner of a page-boy son who, incidentally, made his debut with the Quorn a short time ago. Captain Forbes, being the eldest of a family of seven, had brothers and sisters in plenty to support him, as well as many friends who had come from Scotland on purpose.

* * *

The Café Anglais is very popular again just now. The other night Captain and Mrs. Robert Jenkinson had a party there which included her brother, Lord Harcourt, and his fiancée, Miss Elizabeth Grosvenor, Mr. Anthony Jenkinson and Lord Strathcona, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Alan Colman.

Mr. and Mrs. Colman have a habit of evolving enterprising plans and they have decided it would be a tolerably good notion to go tunny fishing off the East Coast in June. They then propose to sail right round Scotland, and as their yacht is not very large and

(Continued overleaf)



DONNA CHIARAMONTE BORDONARO AND LORD BURNHAM

At the luncheon given by the Italian League at the May Fair Hotel to welcome the wife of H.E. the Italian Ambassador. Lord Burnham was in the chair. Donna Chiaramonte Bordonaro, who was Donna Diana Piercy-Theodoli before her marriage, is very charming and a great acquisition to London's diplomatic circle

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

depends solely on wind power this undertaking will be on the intrepid side. Last year after competing at the Kiel Regatta, Mr. and Mrs. Colman sailed home across the North Sea and

weathered a young hurricane in transit.

* *

At last the moment has come to tell you about a most exciting plan which materializes on April 15. I have known about it for some time but was not allowed to let you into the secret until the final details had been settled.

Wouldn't you feel rather superior if you could pilot a 'plane yourself instead of being a mere passenger in air adventures? And wouldn't it be rather fun if you could have your flying lessons for nothing? Well, THE TATLER has arranged a scheme with a mass of aerodromes all over the country whereby their readers can have a free trial lesson in the art of controlling a 'plane, and the would-be-pilot who shows the most aptitude in each locality will be given a complete flying course absolutely gratis. The number of trial lessons at each aerodrome is limited so don't fail to seize an early copy of next week's paper if you want to take advantage of a good offer.

* * *

Ralph Arnold, who has just published "House with the Magnolias," which I can recommend to you as fresh, charming, and rather unusual, has one of the most interesting positions that any young man could wish for in the Royal Institute of International Affairs at Chatham House. Perhaps he has inherited some of the talent of his distinguished grand-uncle, Sir Edwin Arnold, whose famous "Light of Asia" the Victorians knew by heart. But to counterbalance this literary tendency is the fact that his grandfather, Ralph Hart Tweddell, achieved fame by the invention of a hydraulic rivetter. Mr. Arnold's chief recreation is foxchasing with the West Kent, to which hunt his father, Major R. A. Arnold, has been hon. secretary for many years.

* * *

I hear from Ireland that the Meath met at Dunboyne Castle on Grand National day. Naturally a good many familiar faces were missing from the field, for Aintree is always an irresistible attraction to Irish people, and this year's contingent was bigger than ever. It is really remarkable the way there is nearly always a link between the National winner and the "Ould Country." Grakle, Gregalach, and Annandale were all bred over there. The first two at one time belonged to Mr. T. K. Laidlaw, and Annandale's owner, Lady Glenapp, is Irish herself.

Meath and Kildare had a particular interest in May King, Lady Melchett's entry, for it was ridden by Mr. Dick Fanshawe, a son of Sir Edward and Lady Fanshawe, who live at Naas.

Mr. Fanshawe's effort was very sporting, as he had broken a couple of ribs in a point-to-point only a few days before.

* * *

But to return to the meet about which I started to tell you. Lady Powerscourt was there, so was Lord Holmpatrick. He has been acting Field Master on that side of the country in the absence of Captain Harry Fowler, who has gone abroad for his health. Miss Sheila Maude brought her American fiancé, Mr. George Rice, and was busy introducing him to her friends. Mr. Davy Burnaby, who has been providing Dublin with Co-optimistic diversions, was a most welcome attendant, and another distinguished visitor was Miss Moyra Charlton, the very youthful author of "Tally-ho."

The weather was like summer, but in spite of the heat there was a most excellent day's sport, the star turn being a very fast hour and ten minutes from Wearingstown over a big but lovely line. This was a six-mile point, and at the end of it horses, hounds, and humans had had about as much as was good for them, and only one voice was raised in favour of the suggestion that they should draw again; this belonged to the hard-riding Colonel, but as he was at his own gates and was the only one who could produce a second horse, the noes had it.

* * *

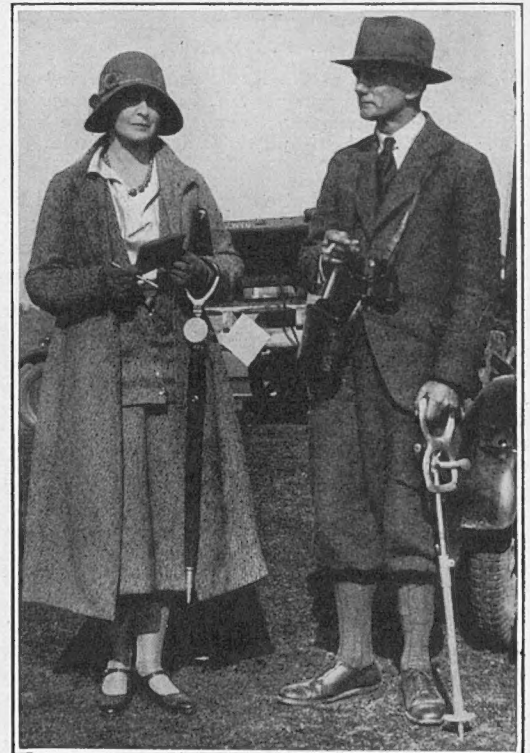
Shortly before leaving for Italy to stay with Lord and Lady Forster at the Villa Placci, near Florence, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Thomas, the well-known sculptor, and his wife gave a party at their unique studio in South Kensington. They were married not long ago at All Hallows' Church by the Tower, where, in the Chapel of Toc H, "The Sleeping Warrior," one of Mr. Thomas's best-known works, is to be seen. A most unusual feature connected with their wedding was that friends were specially requested not to send presents.

For her party Mrs. Thomas wore a sapphire blue velvet picture frock, and looked lovely in it. She had jewels to match of carved chalcedony, opals, and sapphires designed by her husband.

Among the art-loving friends who had come to bid a short farewell to the travellers were Lady Morant, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Russell (he is the Lancaster Herald and a noted art connoisseur), Mrs. Henry D. Morrison from U.S.A., whose hospitality is so renowned, Mrs. George Pearson, Mrs. Cloudeley Brereton, Mrs. Beauchamp Tufnell, Mr. Gilbert Jenkins, the garden architect, and Mr. Basil Oliver, who writes as well as designing country houses.—Love, EVE.

A Correction.

In our issue of March 25 last we produced a photograph, taken at the St. Patrick's Night Dinner, which was described as of Lord Donegall, Lady Taylor, and Mr. Gordon Selfridge. This was incorrect; the lady should have been described as Lady Cooper, wife of Sir James A. Cooper, who presided at the dinner. We wish to apologize for the mistake and any trouble or annoyance it may have occasioned.



Truman Howell

REAR-ADMIRAL CARPENTER, V.C., AND MRS. CARPENTER AT THE MONMOUTH POINT-TO-POINT

This meeting was held at Raglan last week in the best of spring weather. Rear-Admiral Carpenter commanded H.M.S. "Vindictive" in the memorable attack on the Mole at Zeebrugge in April 1918, when everyone who took part in it certainly deserved the V.C.

"TALLULAH" FOR THE TALKIES



MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AND HER FATHER AND MOTHER ON HER ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

The famous actress, who left London some little time ago, thus deserting a place which had become a home-from-home, said nothing definite as to her future plans, beyond that there was a big contract looming in America. This, as is now disclosed, was an important film engagement with the Paramount people, for whom she plays lead in a picture called "New York Lady," with Clive Brook as the hero. It is now about to be made in the New York studios of the company. Miss Tallulah Bankhead's father is Congressman William B. Bankhead

The Cinema : A Great Artist

By JAMES AGATE

SO far as lies in my power, my contribution to the Garbo-Dietrich controversy shall be reasoned, impartial, and judicious. Having many years ago done my bit in the old Bernhardt-Duse discussions I understand the temptation to take sides. In these cases it is the time-factor which is always the difficulty. Duse made her first appearance in London, so far as I can recollect, round about the 'nineties; as a very young man I remember the noise made by the coming into the world of all that quietness. But Bernhardt had conquered London twenty years before this! The famous visit in which, to use the awful lingo of the film-trade, she "released" her Phèdre had taken place the year before I was born. Now twenty years is a long time, and perhaps the best proof of Sarah's greatness is to be found in the fact that she did not go down like a nine-pin before the attack of the insidious Italian. Nobody has ever asked what would have happened if the cases had been reversed, and how that autumn crocus, which was Eleonora Duse, would have fared if after twenty years of wistful blooming it had been forced to meet the competitive onslaught of Sarah's passion flowers, tiger lilies, and odontoglossums. This is not the place to reopen an old argument, and besides has not the finest of all critics declared that, since all infinities are equal, there can be no greater mark of futility in a critic than to set up one infinity against another? At the same time it is just as unfair to la Garbo to pelt her with garbage because another great film-artist has appeared, as it would be to throw dirt at la Dietrich if the fair Garbo were now for the first time to slink above the horizon. Both are exquisite, and except in the meanest souls there is room for both. I began this article with some harking back, not because of senility in an ageing critic but because yesterday Garbo often reminded me of Sarah, and to-day I find a great deal of Duse in Dietrich. Do not let me be misunderstood. I do not say that either of these film-ladies is in any way comparable to those who contrived to be great artists without the aid of the camera. One has to think just a little carefully here. I am not going to fall into the vulgar error of saying that before a Garbo or a Dietrich can be proclaimed a great actress she must prove her title in flesh and blood. The quality of any film-player is to be assessed in terms of the film and no other, and whether on the stage proper a Chaplin or a Jannings would or would not be a great artist has nothing to do with the case. I do think this, and the point is one to be constantly borne in mind, that whereas the great stage-player is a great artist off his own bat the film-actor is only great with, to use the music-hall phrase, the kind permission and attention of his producer and camera-man. Dump Dietrich into any British studio, and farewell Dietrich!

I do not say that Dietrich is as great an artist as Duse. But I do say that in *Morocco*, now to be seen at the Carlton Theatre, she affects me over and over again as Duse would have done if she had been cinematically minded and her face had possessed the proper camera inclination. "There is a Foreign Legion for women too!" says Marlene in this film. "But we have no flag, no uniform, no medals, and no wound-stripes when we are hurt." Dietrich says this with infinite slowness, and I say that she is like Duse because she gives the impression which Duse gave that there is something there to be hurt. Dietrich's cast of features is essentially noble, and it is typical of the film and advertising worlds that none of the photographs

of her which have been published show anything of the quality which makes her a great artist. Shut your mind to what this film is about and you might think that you were witnessing a performance of d'Annunzio's *La Giaconda*. You feel, too, that here is a soul which must always be tragic because of its quest for a beauty which the gross world cannot afford and for a happiness without earthly alloy. Needless to say, this film which deals with the mutual passion of a cabaret singer and six-foot-three of spit, polish, and laconism nowhere supports these adumbrations of Duse-like ineffability. *Morocco* is just a wildly exciting story of a strapping young soldier and a young woman who beneath the cold marble of her Nordic beauty has all the temperamental heroines of antiquity beaten to a frazzle. But it is the old story of the author proposing and the interpretative artist disposing.

We all remember how, when Dumas postulated a courtesan with an engagement-book like a duchess, Duse trotted out a Marguerite Gautier, who looked like an arch-governess in charge of cherubim who continually did cry though not half so pathetically as their instructress. The author of this film postulates a young woman singing a cabaret-song in male attire and a top-hat to the dregs of European raffishness and the scum of African society, all of which Dietrich translates into a world governed by her own superbia. Presently the heroine must invite the soldier to her apartment which turns out to be not boudoir but temple, and to reek not of patchouli but of incense, with Dietrich installed as priestess, and renunciation, abnegation, and desolation written all over her garb of solemn woe. It is the same all through the film, which continually this very fine player makes finer than it is. There comes a moment when Dietrich and her soldier are watching the departure of troops into the desert followed by the camp-followers, and the soldier explains that sometimes the women catch up the army and sometimes not, and when they do they often find their men dead. "They must be mad!" says Dietrich, and the soldier replies: "I don't know. You see, they love their women!" This gives the clue to the film's ending and necessitates the Dietrich scampering in a Paris frock across the Sahara and tugging a goat in pursuit of Mr. Gary Cooper.

Here is that complete nonsense rather than participate in which Duse would have called down fire upon Hollywood and seen that it happened. But Dietrich is not a Duse, and one wonders how much without her producer and camera-man she would be a Dietrich, for at the end she made a "personal appearance" in violet gloves, wearing an idiotic white-fox opera-cloak, and looking no more than an exquisite bit of German toothsome-ness. I am persuaded that Mr. Josef von Sternberg if he had produced Miss Dietrich's "personal appearance" would not have allowed any of this nonsense. Duse would have had the wit to propose and Mr. von Sternberg the brains to agree to that simple black frock which in the film worked so much havoc. But Duse was Duse and knew that to look like Duse was better than to ape Mistinguett and the Queen of Sheba combined. I have no space to praise the admirable performance of Mr. Cooper or a remarkable piece of poise by Mr. Adolphe Menjou, or to say more than that on its own plane this is one of the best films I have ever seen. There is no doubt that all London will presently, and quite rightly, be *Morocco* bound.



LEGGO MY THROAT"

An exciting moment for Una Merkel in "The Bat Whispers," when Spencer Charters is doing a bit of attempted murder. Of course he does not kill her as she is the heroine, and it would wreck the story if he did. It is based on the stage play by Mary Rinehart and Avery Hopwood

THE POINT-TO-

POINT SEASON



AT THE SOUTH DORSET POINT-TO-POINT:
COMMANDER AND MRS. McGRATH



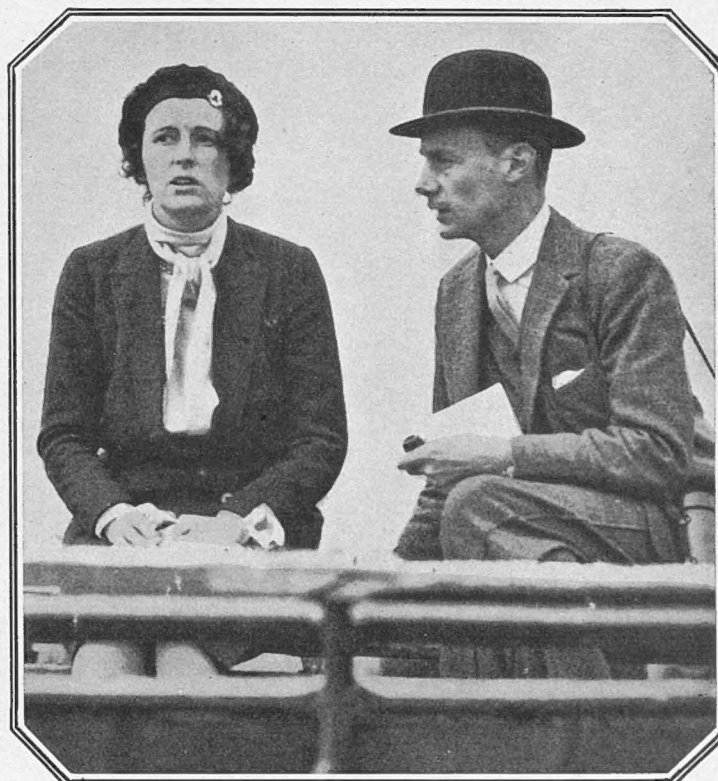
AT THE "H.H.": LORD TEMPLEMORE
AND MRS. PHIPPS-FOSTER



AT THE S. DORSET: CONSTANCE DUCHESS
OF WESTMINSTER AND LADY K. MANLEY



AT THE "H.H." POINT-TO-POINT: LADY TEMPLEMORE AND
MRS. GERVAISE SCOTT AND HER SON



ALSO AT THE "H.H.": LADY LYMINGTON AND
MR. GUNTER

The South Dorset, whose country may be said to be mainly a flying one with not too uncompromising obstacles, ran their Point-to-Point over West Morden Farm, Charborough Park, and made a good success of it. There was a terrific contest for the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race, Miss Parham winning it by a neck on Mrs. T. Bell's Iliad from Miss E. M. Betty, who rode her own Fly By Night. Lady Katharine Manley, who is with Constance, Duchess of Westminster, is a sister of Lord Northesk, and married Captain William Manley, late Grenadier Guards. The South Dorset country was originally part of the enormous Cattistock tract hunted by the renowned Mr. J. J. Farquharson. The "H.H." Point-to-Point at Norton Farm, Farringdon, near Alton, was also a very good show in every kind of way, big fields, good finishes, and weather and was only marred by the bad fall Mr. N. K. Foster got in the Open Nomination Race. He was so unfortunate as to break a leg. The Aldershot Garrison was in strong force, and Mr. Erskine (Aldershot) won the Inter-Brigade Team Race. Lord and Lady Templemore, who are in some of these groups, have a house, Upton, at Alresford. Lord Lymington, M.P., whose wife is in another group, has just left on a flying tour in Europe with Captain Balfour, M.P.



AT NOTTINGHAM: COLONEL CLIFTON
AND MRS. JOHN VAUGHAN

Nottingham both days was run in King's weather and on first-class going. This snapshot of Colonel Clifton and Mrs. John Vaughan, the wife of General John Vaughan, was taken on Spring Handicap day, when Rosolio II, Pictoralas, and Sargasso had such a desperate fight—a short head and a head

Never has Liverpool been more enjoyable, with no fog, rain, or snow, but blazing sunshine and warmth. One lady was heard to say that she wished she was on the rocks at Antibes, but from the way she was betting it looked as though she wouldn't have to go farther than the asphalt in Tattersall's to get in the same situation. The first day was not very crowded, and the racing rather moderate but on the whole lucrative. The Stanley 'chase was won by Physician, rather a funnily-bred jumper, being by Son-in-law out of Pharmacie, a very speedy sprinter belonging to the late Jimmy White. This horse is a wonderful hunter, and was brought to the post looking particularly well by George Beeby from Melton, who has done very well with a small string. In the last race, a "bumpers" affair, Alec Cottrill rode a first-class waiting race to win on Highbury, who has been such an unlucky horse for Lord Annandale. King's Falloch hung a good deal with Mr. Harding, but it was the stronger riding that won the race.

The crowd on National day itself didn't seem anything like so large as usual, though people this year arrived by aeroplane as well as by car and train. Probably there was not such a large American contingent as usual. Most of the habitués like Mr. Whitney, Mr. Emanuel, and Mr. Mellon, who all had runners, were there, and Mr. "Brose" Clark in his corner on top of the stand had Mr. Bostwick and Mr. Langley sharing his eyrie with him. It was a grand day for the ladies, except those whose furs were too heavy to wear and too good not to be worn, and everyone was looking her best, even the lady owner (?) who took up an advantageous position in the parading ring with her hat on back to front.

The horses, on the whole, seemed a better lot than usual, though some of them hardly looked up to carrying the responsibility of the thick end of £2,000,000 four and a half miles round Liverpool. The going was so good that most of them stood up until the pace and distance began to tell on them the second time round when they winked out a dozen at a time. Coming round the last bend Grakle, Ballasport, and Gregalach were all in it, but Ballasport had met with one of the few pieces of bad luck in Sir Harold Wernher's racing career and had had a stirrup leather and iron pulled off him by a falling horse. Probably he was beat at the time, but hitting the last fence he and his jockey parted company, leaving the "stone-cold" Grakle to beat the "all-in" Gregalach. Annandale, the third, finished

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

The season cannot be said to have started badly with fine weather for both Lincoln and Liverpool, and a well-backed horse winning both races. Winners and losers alike were delighted that "Jack" Wilson and "Percy," as he is affectionately known to all, had brought it off after the trouble and risks they had taken working on the hard going. Sir George Noble parted with the winner for a very small sum, and had the mortification of seeing him beat his own candidate, Eyes Front.

twice as fast as anything and full of running, and one wonders if he had been made more use of whether he could have won. Despite the hard going the winning and second horses finished very tired due to the pace at which the race was run. If this was a record (which at the moment I have no means of ascertaining) it is to be hoped that precedent in other speed-making records will be followed and that the accolade (with a Swaine and Adeney "cosh") will enable the name of Sir Robert Lyall to be inscribed on the National trophy.

It is a matter of some conservative pride that while the traffic in London is held up, the work in Parliament suspended, and the British Army paraded in review order for Mr. Chaplin, racing has taken no cognizance of him; he has not been elected a steward of the Jockey Club, or the National run backwards in slow time for him. Nevertheless, had he or Messrs. Knox and Nervo been on the barge at the canal turn the course in front would surely have been sufficiently watered to prevent the dust almost completely obliterating the horses from view as they came by.

We cannot but praise the sporting spirit of Captain Popler in bringing his horse Gyi Lovam! to run at Aintree and his determination in going on again when he had once fallen, with but the slenderest hopes of winning. Good and game as his little horse is he is no match for a half-a-hundred of the best steeplechase horses in the world, especially over a course for which he is not designed. Prince Kinsky, whose uncle, Charles Kinsky, was so well known in the hunting world and who rode Zoedone to victory in a National long before the War, was also over to see the race. He has been hunting in England this season and was watching the race from Lord Sefton's box with Lady Blanche Douglas, Mrs. de Pret, and Captain McDougal, who is just getting over a bad hunting smash. Prince Kinsky was a first-class pilot during the War, and was leaving after the race to fly his new Puss Moth back to Czecho-Slovakia.

The race being over, what about the sweep? As far as can be seen the only big winner in England is Mr. Emilio Scala, who probably sold a portion of his ticket and has to divide the remainder among forty relatives. But what a cut up even then? One seems to have heard in tales of a similar number of gentlemen who must be over-revving in their graves.

It is a hard life, that of the out-of-luck steeplechase jockey, as witness the following true conversation overheard between a pro. and an amateur whose horse he is to ride:

"What 'appened to 'im last time, guv'nor?"

"He fell."

"Of course 'e fell, else I wouldn't be given the ride. All I ask, guv'nor, is 'ow did 'e fall?"

"Oh, all over me."

And this for a fiver!!



MR. A. W. CARR AND MAJOR AND MRS.
TURNER AT NOTTINGHAM RACES

This group was also taken on Spring Handicap day, when the 100 to 6 chance, Rosolio II, who is French-bred, upset the odds betted about Sargasso. Mr. A. W. Carr is the Notts County cricket captain, and ex-captain of England

THE NORWICH AND NORFOLK AERO CLUB



AT THE ANNUAL DINNER—BY FRED MAY

The Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club held its annual dinner at the Spring Gardens, Norwich, and it was a very distinguished occasion, both aeronautically and otherwise. The club has a membership of over 500, and of these fifty hold pilots' certificates. The president is Mr. H. N. Holmes, and the chairman Captain R. J. Harmer, the 100 per cent. efficient secretary being Commander Stuart, R.N. Amongst the distinguished guests were the Lord Lieutenant of the County, Mr. Russell James Colman, Lieut.-Colonel F. Shelmerdine, the Director-General of Civil Aviation, and Miss Amy Johnson. The club has a fine record of good service done to the cause of civil aviation, and Lieut.-Colonel Shelmerdine paid it due credit in the excellent speech which he made



SIGNOR FORTUNIO MATANIA, R.I.

The famous Italian artist, whose work is very well known in some of the Great Eight group of illustrated papers, as well as of course in other spheres. The picture above was taken at the Centenary Dinner of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours

of it, disturbed by a metaphorical knock on the door, followed by a head bobbing round the corner, saying, "Please, M'm, the Fish." It's this "Please, M'm, the Fish," which always makes real life anything but a rippling stream. Novels don't, of course, mention such common-place disturbances. The heroine is never in agony over tight boots when she is going to meet her lover. Joan, as she sits over the fireside with her Darby, is not subconsciously wondering if Sunday's joint will go so far as a Tuesday's "hash" and, if not, she will have to 'phone the butcher in the morning. No, she is sitting with Darby hand in hand and he is loving her more now that she has put on fat than he did when he called her his fairy-queen-now-and-for-ever-more. Contrariwise, Darby is not suffering from uric acid, nor is his mental rest jabbed at by income tax papers and further shillings on the rates. In novels lovers can live close to Heaven beside some blue, blue lagoon and not even be stung by one small bee. In fiction, peace, happiness, ecstasy are never punctuated and, from a romantic view-point, ruined by that metaphorical head popped round the corner with its daily reiterated information,

Please, M'm, the Fish.

IF only real life rippled on like a novel—who wouldn't want to live again? But it doesn't. If it ripples at all, it only ripples for a very little while. Mostly it goes bumpity-bump. It's all one procession of tiresome interruptions. It is only "frightfully romantic" when you look back upon it, because the interruptions are usually so minute that you can't see them at a distance. But oh! how they jolt at the time! At any rate, I have yet to live through a space of pure joy which is not, in the midst

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

"Please, M'm, the Fish." All the tiresome little interruptions, the tiresome attention to necessary details which have to be faced at every hour of the day throughout real life, are as if they were not, nor could ever be, in any well-regulated novel. No wonder people read them. No wonder crowds, mostly of women, sit around the world devouring romances. The tiny everlasting bothering "little things" which make life often so trying are not mentioned in novels. Things happen, and that is all there is to them. Metaphorically speaking, the characters have the leisure to enjoy their woe without being told unsympathetically to buck themselves up, as also they can take their happiness at an ambling jog-trot without always having to keep changing the tempo to think of food, or to wonder what on earth's going to happen next if Mr. Snowden is in a particularly disgruntled mood with the poor middle classes when next he formulates his Budget. No wonder then I found a certain inner peace while reading Mrs. F. E. Penny's new novel, "Get on with the Wooing" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). Even her India is not the India of Gandhi and black beetles. It is indeed a most lady-like country, with tiffin and tennis and the work on a tea plantation which gives the hero ample time to ponder over the harrowed workings of his heart. All the right people turn up at the right moment, and not, as in life, the wrong people turning up just when you least of all want to be bored by them. True, the hero begins broke to the wide after a distinguished war service, but he soon finds a job as valet-attendant to an old gentleman suffering from infuriated senile decay, and moreover he has a lovely daughter, never seen without a string of priceless pearls, who falls in love with her father's new attendant almost immediately; although, of course, being a lady, her outward demeanour is cool, distant, and reserved, befitting a gentlewoman towards her paid servant. On the death of the old gentleman, however, the hero gets a job on an Indian tea plantation, and who should he discover among the guests of a neighbouring planter but the girl, his former mistress, whom above all other women he yearned most to meet again. Real life would probably have sent him the vicar's wife,

but happily such tiresome arrangements don't happen in novels. On the other hand, the poor man could not possibly declare his love because the girl was so fabulously rich that she played tennis in her priceless pearls. As he kept saying to himself: "A poor man doesn't ask a rich girl to marry him lest he be suspected of wanting to marry her money. Such a thing 'isn't done.'" You see, the hero had been long enough in India to be terrified by that Mem Sahib's public school motto. However, he had a lovely fairy god-father of an uncle who before the end made him rich enough to venture a proposal. Moreover, even although the poor girl had wandered off into the jungle under the impression that he did not love her, and incidentally was robbed of her pearls and battered into unconsciousness, he was able to rescue her in the nick of time, and she regained consciousness just at the very moment when, his defences all down, he could not hide his love—money or no money. And so you see it all turned out very well indeed, and "his lips met hers in a reply that satisfied them both and set at rest all their mutual doubts and misunderstandings." "Please, M'm, the Fish," didn't once interrupt that romance. What interruptions there were, were all invitations to glorious self-sacrifice, love, adventure, romance. Never even one small invitation to heave a brick.



THE BRITISH-ITALIAN LEAGUE LUNCHEON: LORD CRAWFORD AND LADY RENNEL RODD

The luncheon was given recently at the May Fair Hotel to welcome Donna Diana Bordonaro, wife of H.E. Antonio Bordonaro, the Italian Ambassador. Lord Burnham was in the chair, and Lady D'Abernon received the guests. Lord Crawford was a member of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts and Ancient Monuments and of the Council in the British School in Rome

(Continued on p. 54)

NOT SO DUSTY?

By George Belcher



Inexperienced Maid (who has omitted to attach bag to vacuum cleaner): Isn't it wonderful, Miss, how these cleaners fetch the dust out of the carpet?

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Something More Than a Story.

This is the sub-title which James Francis Dwyer has given to his charming and beautifully-told little story, "Evelyn" (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.). Some perhaps may regard it as a fairy story, others as a substantiated phenomenon of psychic fact. Evelyn, dying of consumption after her soldier-husband was killed in the War, seemed to be able to form a link between this world and the next, so close was she to the mystery which lies beyond death. The scenes are laid in France in and around the old haunted garden of a tiny tree-shaded villa. Some people thought that this garden was still haunted by the spirits of those who had lived there, though no actual vision had been seen. The dying English girl, however, seemed nevertheless to become the "medium" between these dead people and those who still lived on. The essence of this medium-ship was love. And so we read of her old and devoted friend, who had married her after her young husband was killed (simply to befriend her without scandal, though in reality they were never husband and wife), searching all over France for the people for whom the dying girl had some "message," some communication from the hidden world of the dead to impart. One special message which could not be delivered for a long, long time, but which at last reached the recipient and brought the poor woman happiness and exceeding joy, is the main theme of this rather lovely tale. Slight as the story may be, it is nevertheless a story of great beauty. Exciting too in a queer way—difficult to explain. And once or twice moving to a degree. Above all else it is uncommon and out of the ordinary. Very short, you can read it in little over an hour; it somehow or other makes a deeper impression than many a longer and more pretentious novel. It possesses charm, and in its lovely, quiet manner it weaves a "spell."

Horror in Piccadilly Circus.

Hugh Walpole, in "Above the Dark Circus" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), also weaves a "spell," though it is the spell of the horrible and the macabre. The tale is a very superior murder story; with no mystery attached to it, however, but with an atmosphere enveloping it of horror and suspense which makes it far more really exciting. The murdered man is a wretched mean little black-mailer; the murderers—his victims—men who had been sent to prison for committing a crime which the murdered man had instigated yet for which he had himself got off scot-free. The crime is consequently murder for revenge. Three men are more or less implicated in it, though only one did the actual killing. I must confess that the chapter in which the dead body is taken from the flat over-looking Piccadilly Circus, supported as if he were only a drunken man, is one of the most tensely exciting episodes I have read in a novel for a long time. The arrival at this same flat of the dead man's brother immediately after the murder who, in his turn, begins to blackmail the men in a gentler but even more dangerous way, and the subsequent flight of this man, pursued by his brother's murderer, now gone insane, into the theatre, where a revue was in progress, provides a really thrilling climax to a novel which is absorbing, exciting, or any other adjective you may like to think of which signifies, in reference to any novel, that it seems actually to read itself through your anxiety to reach the end and so relieve the tension of suspense. This

atmosphere of tension is superbly well done. You seem to feel the loathsomeness of the murdered Pengelly; the gradually increasing madness of the man Hench, whose reason was giving way under the strain of what he had been through; the moral fury, amounting to insanity, which inspired the murderer to commit the crime. And above and beyond all else the roar of the night life in Piccadilly Circus—the indifferent, and the heedless, and the alien all mingling unconsciously with the story of crime and murder; dogging it relentlessly yet never actually "belonging." Mr. Walpole can build up an atmosphere of the horrible almost better than any living novelist. It is, perhaps, an inferior kind of horror to that displayed in his novel, "The Old Ladies," being less the horror of one of life's common-place tragedies, but it is far more "creepy" and exciting than thousands of the average murder stories, because it is a mental rather than a merely physical horror which pervades it.

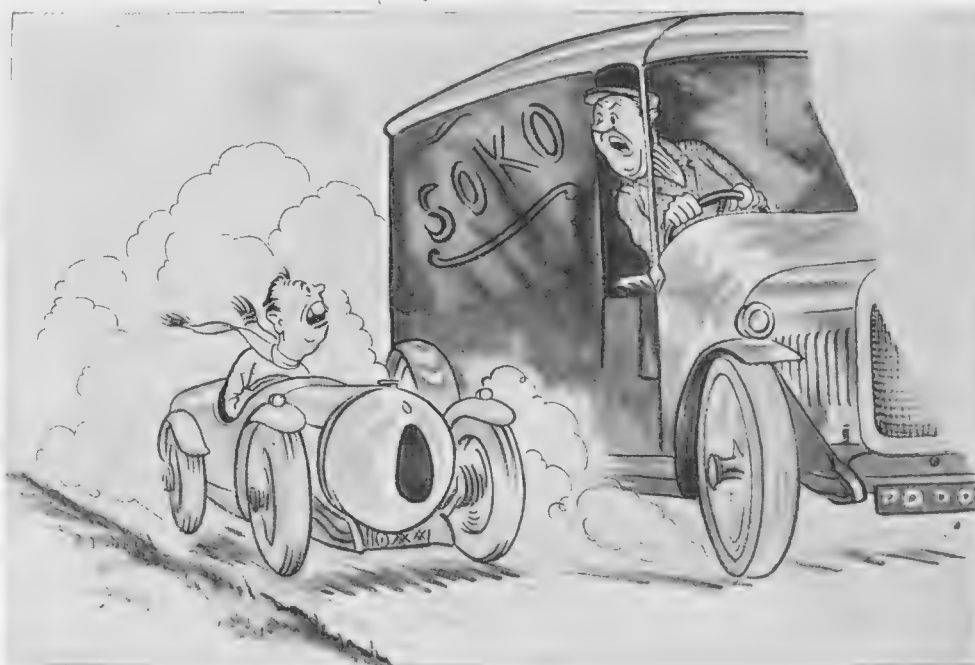
A Remarkably Clever First Story.

A part from other considerations, and they were many, I was particularly interested in John Hampson's novel, "Saturday Night at the Greyhound" (The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.), because its scenes are laid in a pub. To most of us the owners of pubs seem to have no existence outside the bar. Between licensing hours we somehow believe they must fade away. Stories are not laid in public-houses. If they are mentioned they are usually merely the scene from which the long-suffering heroine drags her drunken husband, until eventually, after his untimely death, she is united to the more or less teetotal hero. But Mr. John Hampson, greatly daring it would appear, not only laid the

scene of his remarkably clever first novel in a country public-house, but the chief characters are the licensee, his wife, her brother, the barman, and Clara the barmaid. For very many reasons, chiefly because life behind the bar is here described in detail, one would not have it otherwise. Yet these scenes could have been placed elsewhere, because the story has not otherwise a new and novel plot to reveal. It is the tale of a hard-working young wife, married to a lazy, drunken, handsome husband who ruins her, drags her down, yet whom she loves physically so greatly that she cannot cast him off—will, indeed, never be able to cast him off, but will follow him to the work-house, which will surely be the man's eventual destination—since, if drink does eventually kill a man as teetotal fanatics insist, experience proves that it usually doesn't kill him until he may reasonably expect death, anyway. The story is simplicity itself, but it is moving, powerful, dramatic, because Mr. Hampson has told it with the stark truthfulness of life itself. Not for a long time have I read a first novel, not only of greater promise, but of actual fulfilment. The writer should go far if only he will stick to the direct "attack" of his first work. His characters are true to life, clear-cut, comprehensible. He understands the farcical melodrama of the everyday.

Thoughts from "Saturday Night at the Greyhound."

"A sense of the funny side makes life interesting."
 "Trust a man till you catch him out is fair enough."
 "Why are people fools? Why cannot they accept the obvious end of their dreams before the crash comes and so escape the shock of catastrophe?"



"I've a right to me 'arf of the road, 'aven't I?"
 "Yes, but don't take it out of the middle"

A GRAND DAY FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL



THE HON. GEORGE AND MRS. LAMBTON



LADY CASTLEROSSE AND LADY WEYMOUTH



LADY CAREW POLE AND MRS. JAMES



BRIG.-GENERAL SIR JOSEPH AND LADY LAYCOCK



MRS. GORDON FOSTER



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

It seemed that more people than ever had congregated at Aintree this year to watch the world's greatest steeplechase. Seldom has the weather been so lovely, the really hot sun being a welcome change from the icy blasts which generally attend this event, and no one could have wished for a more thrilling finish than that provided by Grakle and Gregalach, a repetition of last year's spectacular struggle for supremacy between Shaun Goilin and Melleray's Belle. Among the distinguished personalities who packed the paddock Lady Weymouth's height stood her to good advantage. Sir John Carew Pole's wife, who was with Mrs. Arthur James when the camera came their way, also looked most attractive. The Hon. George and Mrs. Lambton were among Newmarket's representatives. Sir Joseph and Lady Laycock had come from Wiseton, and Mrs. Gordon Foster was another notable North Country supporter. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster had one of their vast parties at Eaton for the event, and, as usual, thought out every possible detail for the comfort and well-being of their guests

More photographs of this event on p. 64

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

An Air Year.

AIR pageants have not yet been "put down" by the army of desiccated dominions which fights constantly against all forms of entertainment, grave and gay, earthy and aerial. In England this agamic army is

larger than anywhere else, and its work receives public approval. Everything, from night-clubs to night-caps, from bridge to backgammon, has got into the large red hands of the people with a purpose. They are a distinctive tribe. They carry "despatch cases" and are engaged upon "important social work." They make themselves as repulsive to the view as possible, especially if they are women. Each one of them echoes Edmond Rostand: "De-plaire est mon plaisir, j'aime qu'on me haisse." It is the slogan of the Snowdens. The English like to see their pleasures filched from them; they enjoy not being allowed to enjoy themselves. It is a form of sadism, and it is seen at its best in the English courts. There, contrary to the custom in the French courts, a pretty woman can be sure that everyone will be against her. She will receive a more severe sentence than an ugly woman. The judge tells himself that by giving her a heavy sentence he is being just and virtuous when in fact he is satisfying sadistic wishes. Behind this attitude is the English idea that all pleasure and all genuine entertainment is evil.

In time this passion for the plain and pusillanimous, the pure and the puerile, will rob us of air meetings. But up to the present air meetings are still with us, so let us make the most of them while they last. This year there are more meetings on the programme than in any previous year. One of the first events will be the reception of No. 501 Squadron at Bristol Airport by the Lord Mayor of Bristol, when the squadron's coat of arms will be presented to it. Two days after, on April 27, the Buenos Aires Trade Exhibition closes. It has been chiefly valuable in that it has shown the world at large how the Prince of Wales and Prince George use aircraft for regular every-day travel. The Prince has given flying in Argentina a stimulus such as it has never previously received, and it will be their own fault if our industries do not derive some benefit from it. On March 30 Dr. M. Curry will give his paper on the "Aerodynamics of Sails" before the Royal Aeronautical Society. Dr. Manfred Curry's book on sails is the bible of many gliding enthusiasts as well as of all yachtsmen, and his remarks on sails may show what Sir Thomas Lipton lost by not consulting aeronautical engineers when his recent *Shamrock* was designed and built. In aeronautics sailing has a close friend and ally if it chooses to make use of it.

Club Meetings.

The first of the many club pageants will be on May 25-26 when the Northamptonshire Aero Club holds its event. The London-Newcastle air race for the "Newcastle Evening World" Trophy takes place on May 30. June seems to be one

constant succession of aeronautical events. The Newcastle, Brooklands, and Bristol Aero Clubs hold their displays in June, and there are also the Royal Air Force exercises, the International Rally held by the Aero Club of Rumania, the F.A.I. Conference at Bucharest and, on the 27th, the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon. July opens with the Blackpool Meeting on the 8th to the 11th. This is likely to be by far the biggest civil air meeting of the year, and it will certainly be run regardless of expense. The Royal Air Force will be giving flying exhibitions at



TWO M.P.'S EUROPEAN FLYING TOUR

A group at Heston on the day Captain Balfour, M.P. for the Isle of Thanet, and Lord Lymington, M.P. for Basingstoke, left in the amphibian, "Sara Cutty Sark," on a fortnight's European tour. In this group, right to left, are: Lord Lymington, M.P., Mr. Pope (second pilot), Captain Balfour, M.P., Lady Lymington, Mr. Beaumont, M.P., Mr. Butler, M.P., and Mrs. Butler

this meeting. The Italian air tour and the King's Cup Race also take place during July. In August the Newcastle Club holds another meeting and the Boulogne Aero Club holds its aviation "week." This Boulogne event will be one of the most interesting and is likely to attract everyone who can beg, borrow, or steal an aeroplane. Last of all, to put a proper ending to the whole season's flying, there is the Schneider Trophy Race to be held in the Solent on September 12. This year both race and navigability trials will take place on the same day—unlike in previous Schneider Trophy contests. France and Italy are competing for the trophy; and Great Britain, thanks to Lady Houston, but not at all to the Air Ministry and very little to the Royal Aero Club, will defend the trophy.

YOU MAY LEARN TO FLY NOW AT "THE TATLER'S" EXPENSE

All who are interested in the development of Aviation will welcome the scheme which we are inaugurating next week in Our Special Flying Number. Note the date—April 15. We expect an unprecedented demand for this issue, so order your copy immediately

Age and the Aeroplane.

Letters still continue to come in about a brief remark made in these notes some weeks ago about the age at which people can learn to fly with safety and can hope to become competent pilots. I put the reasonable limit for the normal and healthy person at about fifty-five. Since then the news of Mr. John Pyddoke and his wife's feat in learning to fly at the ages of sixty-one and fifty-two and in taking their tickets on the same day has been published. In addition, Mr.

Lissant Beardmore, who is fifty-three, has been taught to fly at the Phillips and Powis school at Reading, and has proved himself a remarkably fine pilot. Mr. and Mrs. Pyddoke learnt to fly at Nottingham.

There has been a great deal of activity at Heston lately, the club house being almost always full of visitors and the aerodrome crowded with aeroplanes. Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston, whose flight to Capetown was delayed to allow the Certificate of

(Continued on p. xvi)

PERSONALITIES IN SOCIETY

Camera Studies of Well-known People



Lenore
THE MARCHIONESS OF
DUFFERIN AND AVA

Formerly Miss Maureen Guinness, Lady Dufferin is the second daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness. She was married last July, and less than a fortnight after the wedding her husband succeeded to the Marquisate on the death of his father in the terrible Meopham air disaster. Lord and Lady Dufferin recently arrived home from a visit to India

This new portrait of Lady Douro, the Duke of Wellington's daughter-in-law, has a special interest, for she is seen in the wonderful platinum lace frock she is to wear at the Lace Ball with which The Dorchester in Park Lane celebrates its opening on April 21. The ball is in aid of the National Birthday Trust Fund (for the extension of maternity services), and Lady Douro is taking a large party



THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO

Cecil Beaton

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER. Have you ever heard of the "Compagnie de la Petite Scène?" A company of French actors who have gained great distinction through their delightful and erudite rendering of many half-forgotten or little-known masterpieces of the past. You will not find these programmes in the theatrical bill of the daily Press, for they do not play every day or evening and, till recently, they did not even dispose of a theatre of their own. They rank, on the whole, as amateurs, though they have all the virtues of the professionals and a few (but only a few) of their vices. The expenses of their productions are borne by the subscriptions of wealthy patrons; eminent critics attend their *premières*, but only the subscribers are present at the three or four performances that follow. After flitting from theatre to hall and hall to theatre for several seasons, they now possess a small stage (*petite scène*) of their own. It would be presumptuous to call it a theatre but, on the other hand, it touches the limits of the picturesque. It is to be found at the Latin quarter, in the rue Falguière, a small street in the back o' beyond hidden away between tall, bourgeois blocks of flats and reached by a roadway of gravel hemmed with moss-grown cobble stones.

It is a tumble-down place of rafters and plaster that was once no doubt a studio, but the worm-eaten wood has been painted, and the fissures of the walls hidden under buff-coloured and gilt-stencilled sacking. With quite simple methods of lighting and scenery and a judicious use of neutral-tinted draperies, these clever people achieve effects that even Gaston Baty, when he had the complicated and very modern installation of the Théâtre Pigalle at his disposal, failed to produce. Recently they staged a series of old ballads and sea chanties followed by tableaux somewhat in the manner—but even less sophisticated—of Balieff's *Chauve-Souris*. Molière and Marivaux also have been played there in such a manner as to give points to the Comédie Française. Under the title of *Ainsi va le Monde* they are now giving Congreve's *Way of the World*, an adaptation by Frédéric de Heeckeren, whose translation in 1927 of *She Stoops to Conquer* has not yet been forgotten in Paris. The scenery by M. Xavier de Courville, and the costumes by Madame Olga Choumansky—both shining lights of the company—are a joy to behold, and I advise you when next you are over, to beg, borrow, steal, or wangle seats from a subscriber (or, better still, become one yourself) for whatever production they are showing at the moment.

I think I told you, a few weeks ago, of the new little Cinéma du Panthéon where the films shown—talkies, all of them—are given entirely in English. At the time of writing they are billing an American musical comedy in colours that are really quite lovely; gorgeous scenery and the most beautiful wenches that Hollywood and Ziegfeld can produce, to say nothing of a really humorous comedian, one Eddie Cantor. It is called *Whoopie* . . . but no doubt you know it. The success of this place is such that several other all-English speaking films are now being shown in Paris. Two new houses, the Washington Palace in the rue de Magellan and the Champs Élysées at No. 118 of the avenue of that name, are showing respectively, William Powell in *Street of Chance* and Greta Garbo in *Anna Christie*, while at the Studio Diamant, Jackie Coogan is to be heard in *Tom Sawyer*. All these places are packed daily, and certainly two-thirds of the audience are French. I would never have



Mlle. IVETTE RODIN

An exceedingly attractive young lady, who has just made her début on the Paris stage. Mlle. Rodin is the grand-daughter of the late M. Auguste Rodin, the world-famous French sculptor

believed such a thing possible, especially for *Anna Christie*, a film that holds the minimum of "action" of any that I have ever seen.

This reminds me to tell you that yesterday the Place de la Concorde was packed solid for over an hour and the traffic held up while the crowd massed outside the Hôtel Crillon in order to get a glimpse of Charlie Chaplin who arrived from Venice on the afternoon train. Poor "Charlie" . . . fancy arriving on a Sunday, that day of days for the man in the street in this city; how he must hate the word "Press," and how he must long for a desert island. *City Lights* is to be shown here at the Marigny Theatre under Léon Volterra's management, but this only about April 7, and it is hardly likely that "Charlie" will stay in Paris till then since he intends to go South for a rest (I wonder whether Europe will ever allow him to know the meaning of the word!) At the same date his "picture" is also to be shown at Monte Carlo and by an ex-associate of Volterra's. You can imagine whether the rival bids for Charlie's presence at the opening run high . . . but I think that if I were that great little man I should only aspire to one thing—a nice, cosy oasis in the Sahara surrounded by mitrailleuses and anti-aircraft guns.



MADAME JANE RENOUART

An at-home portrait of the charming actress-manageress of the Daunou Theatre. Jane Renouardt may be a radio fan, but she evidently believes in disguising her wireless set as much as possible

I was going to say "Happy Easter," Très Cher, but I remember that Easter will be over ere you get this (ah, this going-to-press-early-on-account-of-the-holidays!), however, take the will for the deed, and all these generalities instead of more recent news. — With love, PRISCILLA.

"REELING AND WRITHING AND FAINTING IN COILS"



"EVE"

This marvellous young dancer, who makes even those who dislike seeing the human frame divine contorted overcome their scruples, has been the big personal success of "Cochran's 1931 Revue," at the London Pavilion. This revue, not having scored the immediate triumph of a Cochran production, was due for immediate withdrawal, but some of the leading characters in it, believing in its virility if given a further chance, agreed to forgo their salaries if Mr. Cochran would reverse his decision and keep it on for another fortnight. To this Mr. Cochran agreed. The revue is dealt with in our "Passing Shows" pages



Photographs by William Davis



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER GREETES COLONEL AND MRS. McDOUGALL AT WINDMILL HILL

The King's Royal Rifle Corps bona fide military meeting, held at Windmill Hill, near Ludgershall, was honoured by the presence of the Duke of Gloucester, who rode his own horse, Ilston Vale, in the King's Cup race. H.R.H. was in front until the last half mile, and fought every yard of the finish before being beaten by Lieut. Colonel Curtis on Young Pretender. Miss Ulrica Thynne, an exceedingly pretty spectator, is the daughter of Colonel Ulric Thynne, who used to be in the Corps. Mrs. McCreery was there to see

The K.R.R.C. Steeplechases



MR. SCHREIBER AND MISS THYNNE



MR. CONNALL, THE HON. MRS. GEORGE COOPER, MRS. McCREERY, AND MRS. McDOUGALL

Major R. L. McCreery win the Open Foxhunters race on Mystery XXI. The Hon. Mrs. Cooper is Sir George Cooper's daughter-in-law. Her husband used to be Master of the Hursley. Sir Peter Farquhar goes to the Meynell next season as Joint Master with Sir William Bass. Lieut. General Sir William Pittcairn Campbell is Colonel Commandant of the 2nd Battalion of the K.R.R.C., and is a very distinguished soldier



SIR PETER FARQUHAR, M.F.H., AND MRS. SMAIL IN CONVERSATION



MRS. BONHAM-CARTER AND MISS A. PHILLIPS



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR W. PITCAIRN CAMPBELL, K.C.B., AND MISS GREEN

THE WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS' BANQUET



Left to right: THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, LORD MOYNIHAN, AND LORD LEVERHULME



Right to left: SIR FRANK SHORT, R.A., SIR FREDERIC COWEN, SIR ARTHUR PINERO, SIR EDGAR HORNE, AND SIR THOMAS HORDER



Left to right: LORD GORELL, LORD BLANESBOROUGH, SIR FRANK NEWNES, AND F.-M. SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON



Left to right: MR. JUSTICE HORRIDGE, SIR JOHN THOMPSON WALKER, AND THE MASTERS OF THE GROCERS' AND SKINNERS' COMPANIES



Left to right: SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, P.R.A., THE MARQUESS OF CARISBROOKE, AND SIR DAVID MURRAY, R.A.



Left to right: SIR FELIX SCHUSTER, SIR ALEXANDER GRANT, LORD PLENDER, AND LORD DARLING

At the banquet of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours in celebration of the Centenary Exhibition, not only famous brethren of the brush congregated, as will be at once apparent from even a superficial scanning of the names in this very distinguished gathering, including as it does, most properly, the President of the Royal Institute, Sir David Murray, who has held office since 1917, and whose quite delicious landscapes have made history. In the same group with him is the P.R.A., and in other pictures the sword and the gown, the worlds of surgery and medicine in their highest expressions, music in the person of Sir Frederic Cowen, the Upper Chamber in the persons of two Dukes of the Realm, and the solid world of commerce in many other eminent persons are well represented

Photographs by Sasha

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Cochran's 1931 Revue," at the London Pavilion



"THE KID'S FIRST AND LAST FIGHT"

"The Kid" (Mr. Al Marshall) is the nervous wreck on the extreme right. Unfortunately for the gentleman with cigar (Mr. Bobby Clark), who has engaged to deputize as his opponent, the kid fails to materialize and his substitute is a bruiser of horrific size. The burlesque boxing match is one of the most amusing interludes contributed by Mr. Clark and his partner, Mr. Paul McCullough. These two American experts in wise-cracks and slap-stick were seen in London some years ago in "Chuckles"

WHETHER Charles B. Cochran's 1931 Revue will be running by the time these notes and sketches appear is on the knees of the gods or, perhaps, the laps of the stalls. Redeemed from a nine days' fate by a magnanimous surrender of salaries on the part of the three American principals, the revue at the moment of rescuing these lines from the waste paper basket, whither Mr. Cochran's sudden decision had consigned them, has been vouchsafed at least a fortnight's grace. The Easter holiday approaches, press dates are earlier, and the printers clamour for copy. Let us hope, for everybody's sake, that a show on which so much has been lavished, will outlive its reprieve.

Mr. Cochran deserves well of his professional guests. He provides them, free of charge, with a stall for which other people are in the habit of paying sixteen shillings, plus entertainment tax. And he never fails to minister to their appetite for modernity and their sense of beauty.

The critic has cause to be thankful for a showman with a genius for collecting around him those players, authors, musicians, designers, and others who plough a distinctive furrow over light but sophisticated soil. That Mr. Cochran's birth was delayed for many centuries should be noted with gratitude. What a fuss the Greeks would have made of him in their search for "some new thing." As a Roman citizen his flair for pageantry might have brought him dangerously near the Imperial Purple. "Ave Cochran, scripturi te salutamus."

Hitherto criticism of a Cochran show has generally qualified an orgy of superlatives by a plea that the eye has been neglected at the expense of the ribs. *Ever Green*, for instance, was greeted as a round-about of dazzling splendour which swept the comedy into odd corners and broke up the story into bits and

pieces. Mr. Cochran in his latest revue has apparently set out to stalk Laughter and Loveliness with the same gun. He has nailed his colours to the mast of slap-stick, a gesture which, had it completely come off, would have surprised and delighted everybody. But unfortunately it hasn't, and for once it is possible to record that our showman has broken the tradition of years and refrained from surpassing himself. The penalty of supermen is to be judged on their own achievements. When Hobbs makes 49 in a Test Match it is held that he has "failed."

The fate of the 1931 revue hangs on its American nucleus. The crux of the matter is whether Messrs. Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough make you laugh much and often or hardly at all. There are no hard and fast judgments to be laid down about comedians. He who gets slapped in Lancashire gets bouquets in Surrey. Individual bias and local tastes permit of no arguments. I did not see Messrs. Clark and McCullough in the revue, *Chuckles*, some years ago, but repute has it that they

were very funny indeed. They may be now. I can merely invite contradiction by confessing that Mr. Clark amused me tolerably at moments, made me grin audibly at others, and for the rest of the time left me with the uncomfortable feeling that we

"THE HONOUR SYSTEM"

Mr. Melville Cooper as the American Police Chief who put two crooks (Clark and McCullough) on their honour. He lost his trousers when the lights went out



argument. My own idea of a "feed" is that he should be accorded a sufficiency of sustenance to administer. Messrs. Henson and Howard are a perfect example of give and take. Mr. Clark juggles with a cigar and twirls a nimble walking-stick. There is a healthy bounce about him, and when he delivers a wise-crack his eyes twinkle beadily through odd-shaped spectacles and invite us to make the most of that one before he fires off the next. Some of his imported material struck me as being out of tune with our sense of humour. American low-comedy is an odd mixture of breadth and subtlety. The sketch about a general who sent his men over the wrong pass, so that they fought the Italians by mistake instead of the Swiss, was a good deal flatter than Mr. Rex Whistler's Alpine background. The burlesque of the new property-man and the fit-up melodrama had some laughable moments, but was hardly born yesterday. The boxing match was good of its kind, and I enjoyed Mr. Clark's method of bouncing round his enormous opponent like a springbok stung by a hive of bees. But boxing has had a good innings. Mr. Jack Buchanan exploited its humours in *Battling Butler*, Charlie Chaplin is bruised and battered in *City Lights*, and Messrs. Nervo and Knox are repeating at the Victoria Palace what they have been doing for years on the halls. Perhaps the hotel sketch, in which Mr. Clark and his partner are involved in a mix-up with a bathroom, a married couple, and two claimants for the only vacant bed, is the pick of the bunch.

Mr. Cochran's other corner-stone is Miss Ada-May, whose strong suit is a slim frame built for dancing and all the tricks of the ever-so-cute American soubrette. Miss Ada-May dances with a jazz-in-the-box verve and a lissome grace. She does not sing in the accepted sense of the word, but makes the right noises and faces at the right moments. She is pert, flapperish, cheeky, and very much a live wire. It seemed easy to size up her qualities and limitations until she ceased to frolic in blue trousers and hid her restless curls in a black wig. This was in Mr. Noel Coward's *Half-Caste Woman*, and here Miss Ada-May, as a Eurasian Circe in a low, dock-side den somewhere East of Suez, fired by a sudden pang of love for a departing sailor and yearning for the nobler things of life, smoked, snarled, and sighed with real fire

suggests that a sudden break from stock material is "a good thing."

Mr. Cochran's concession to slap-stick took an odd turn in the finale to Part I. The company, including, of course, his "Young Ladies" and Mr. Tillers, were engaged in an arty-smarty affair with choreography by M. Georges Balanchin and décor by Mr. Oliver Messel. Scaramouche, Pierrettes, Zanni, Clown, etc., were pirouetting to our intellectual advantage in a charming impression of the Commedia dell'Arte, when Miss Ada-May, as some kind of



A NAUGHTY-ICAL COLUMBINE

Miss Ada-May, accompanied this time by a hyphen instead of her ukelele, as she intrudes into "Scaramouche," the almost high-brow ballet-scena inspired by the Commedia dell'Arte. Miss Ada-May sings and dances with her usual "slick"

Columbine, and the two comedians as a brace of sailors, tripped on unexpectedly to disrupt the illusion and bring the curtain down on the entr'acte. It was like the arrival of over-dressed principals in pantomime—a strange proceeding.

Mr. Coward contributes three more songs besides "Half-caste woman." Sung by a new tenor, Bernardi, of whom more will be heard and seen, "City" is a neurotic threnody depicting a youthful wage-earner beset by leaning sky-scrappers. In America, one hoped the Ford sedan, which every artisan is reputed to possess, was an efficient antidote for claustrophobia. When the

Bright Young People come under the lash, their patron-satyr has enough sting in his busy whip to land one or two neat blows. This trio is well handled by Miss Queenie Leonard, Mr. Edward Cooper, and Miss Effie Atherton, who do much good work throughout the show, in company with Mr. Henry Mollison, Mr. Edward Coventry, and the resourceful Mr. Melville Cooper. Miss Ada-May's other Coward song is a ditty deploring the lack of versatility (in contrast with the various activities of bird and beast) of one who "can't do anything at all but just love you." Compared with Mr. Sonnie Hale's "moles do it, voles do it, goldfish in the privacy of bowls do it," and so on through the animal kingdom, Mr. Coward, one felt, might have made it snappier.

Finally, there is "Eve," the young contortionist to whom arms are legs and legs are arms, according to what bar of the "Lieberstraume" the orchestra happen to be playing. As a rule, these exhibitions of boneless wonder promote a sinking feeling in my waistcoat. But "Eve," with her grace and uncanny skill, never lets the freakishness of her spell-binding evolutions predominate. "TRINCULO."



BERNARDI

A new tenor, and a good one, seen here as "Scaramouche," in the Impression of the Commedia dell'Arte. Bernardi's main chance is in Mr. Noel Coward's song, "City," in which he sings the lament of a coatless robot hemmed in by leaning sky-scrappers

and feeling. Whether the Hopeless Tomorrow breaks with such pangs of soul on lithe, chocolate charmers in ports o' call makes no matter. The vignette is good theatre, and Mr. Coward is at hand to improve the dusky moment with the favoured chords and neatly-rhymed sentiments of his familiar dawn-and-repentance mood. Miss Ada-May's grip on every detail of the picture

"COMMON ARE TO EITHER SEX . . ."

Miss Queenie Leonard, Mr. Edward Cooper, and Miss Effie Atherton in a snappy trio by Mr. Noel Coward, who owes a good deal of his fame to the Bright Young People who, alas! are not nearly so bright as their satirist paints them



AT AINTREE AND ELSEWHERE



THE MIDDLETON POINT-TO-POINT: MRS. JOHN FIELDEN AND LADY ALLERTON



BETWEEN RACES AT AINTREE: MRS. MACDONALD AND MRS. H. LODER



ON LIVERPOOL CUP DAY: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR TORQUHIL AND LADY ELIZABETH MATHESON

The Middletons, who, greatly to their regret, are losing their Master, Col. M. Borwick, at the end of the season, held their Point-to-Point at Whitwell in a moderately good imitation of Spring. Lord and Lady Allerton's seat, Thorpe Arch, is at Boston, Yorkshire. All the Aintree pictures were taken on the day before the National, when the Liverpool Cup and the Stanley Chase were the principal *platts*. Major-General Sir Torquhil Matheson, who is a brother of Sir Roderick Matheson, Bart., and his heir, married Lady Elizabeth Keppel, who is a daughter of Lord Albemarle. Lord Adare is Lord Dunraven's son, and Mrs. Euan Wallace was Miss Barbara Lutyens



AND ALSO: MRS. EUAN WALLACE AND LORD ADARE



FISTING THE MAINSAIL

By Arthur Briscoe, A.R.E.



THE LATE SIR IAN AMORY A

By Lionel Edwards

Sir Ian Amory, who died as a result of a bad fall he had when hunting his own hounds this season, had had the Tiverton since were Sir Ian Amory's own property. He took no subscription, and, even the stranger was not capped. The hunt dates back to some banks which are common to so man

The above picture is being published as a print, suitable for framing, by The Sporting



AND THE TIVERTON HOUNDS

ds, R.I., A.R.C.A.

nce 1910, and his death was not only a grievous loss to his personal friends, but to the world of fox-hunting at large. The hounds
e time before 1841. The country lies in Devon, with a few coverts in West Somerset, and is enclosed almost exclusively by the big
any Devonshire hunting countries

g Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, where particulars can be obtained



LA SERENA, CAP FERRAT

By Major Noel Sampson

This picture was painted of part of the lovely gardens of La Serena, Lady Bearsted's beautiful villa at St. Jean, Cap Ferrat. Lady Bearsted is the daughter of the late Mr. Montefiore Micholls, and she and Lord Bearsted, whose seat is near Banbury, are familiar figures with both the Bicester and Warwickshire Hounds in the hunting season

ON AND
OFF
DUTY
IN
HOLLY-
WOOD



LEARNING THE OVER-HAND STROKE: LEILA HYAMS
AND JOHN THOMPSON



MORE "IT" FROM CLARA BOW



ANN HARDING AND CISSIE LOFTUS IN "EAST LYNNE"

Even when they are not working, the film devotees cannot help taking a busman's holiday and flying in front of the camera, much, of course, to the profit of the public at large, for most of the female population of film-land is extremely decorative. Leila Hyams, one of Hollywood's most beautiful blondes, was at one of the numerous "swimming pools." John Thompson is not a film actor but a swimming instructor. Clara Bow is held to have more "It" than any other celebrity ever put upon celluloid, and her Titian hair is stated to be a great aid. Our own Cissie Loftus, one of the greatest mimics the variety stage has ever known, after putting in some useful time in Hollywood training other people in how to act, is now playing a part herself in that ever-green story, "East Lynne," which throughout the ages has given so many enthusiastic patrons of the drama their money's worth by affording the chance of what some of them like most—a thoroughly good cry



AT THE BERKELEY POINT-TO-POINT AT RANGEWORTHY

(Right) MR. H. J. HILLIARD, MRS. HUBERT HARTIGAN, MR. HUBERT HARTIGAN, AND JOE CANTY

The group on the right was taken at Ruanbeg, Mr. Hartigan's training establishment at the Curragh. Joe Canty is the versatile Irish jockey. Mr. Hartigan has ridden in more than one National. Both he and his wife hunt regularly with the Kildare and the Meath. At the Berkeley Point-to-Point, with which the top picture is concerned, Mr. E. Holland-Marten from the Cotswold country won both the Nomination and Adjacent Hunts race. The Hon. Mrs. Mundy was starter



Rough



Ian Smith

CAPTAIN THE HON. F. AND MRS. MONTGOMERIE

At the Lauderdale Point-to-Point, which took place at Upper Blainslee. The Adjacent Hunts Race had nineteen starters, and was won by Docile, belonging to Mr. J. Hogg from the Jed Forest. The Lauderdale Race went to Captain D. Colville on Cocklea, and Captain J. C. Cunningham's Sportsman XXIX won the Edinburgh Garrison Command Race. Captain the Hon. Francis Montgomerie is Lord Eglinton's only brother, and used to be in the Life Guards. His wife is a cousin of Lord Glenarthur. The group on the right was also taken at the Lauderdale Point-to-Point. Lady Bridget and Lady Willa Elliot, Lord and Lady Minto's daughters, were born in 1921 and 1924 respectively. They both have ponies to ride, and go hunting whenever possible



Clapperton

LORD AND LADY MINTO AND THEIR DAUGHTERS AND LADY USHER

“THEY SHALL NOT PASS!”



JEAN BOROTRA—FRANCE'S GREAT LAWN TENNIS SPECIALIST

A wonderful action snapshot of one of the greatest exponents of the game that this century—or for that matter any other—has produced, taken in New York at the start of his match with A. J. Wadsworth in the first round of the United States indoor tennis championships, which were played in the Armoury of the 7th Regiment, U.S.A. Of Jean Borotra it has been said that he has the agility of a young panther and the eye of a hawk, and though when he meets people like Big Bill Tilden—now a professional—he is terribly dwarfed, size does not seem to matter, for he moves like a bit of greased lightning, and it is a bad one that beats him



AT THE ARMY AND PYTCHLEY POINT-TO-POINT

R. S. Crisp

A group of those who ran this combined Point-to-Point at Brington, which is near Lord Spencer's estate at Althorp—a good success bar the bad fall which Captain Fanshawe got in the Military Light-Weight race. In the group are: Back—Major J. W. S. Galbraith (clerk of the course), Captain A. W. Wingate (clerk of the scales), Major-General A. E. Harman (judge), Brig.-General A. Seymour (hon. sec. the Pytchley), Captain W. A. Shiel, R.H.A. (representing the Army); seated—Mr. Ronald Tree and Colonel J. G. Lowther (Joint Masters the Pytchley) and Mr. Romer Williams. Colonel Lowther acted as starter, and Mr. Williams as the judge

STIRRED, no doubt, by what has been happening recently with some large drums, some very attractive Irish hospital nurses, and the Grand National, a venturesome M.P. plucked up the necessary courage to ask a question in the House as to why we should not follow the example of the Irish Free State and legalize sweeps, which would benefit our own hospitals, and in time, if properly run, I suggest might even clear off our debt to America, and very considerably relieve the down-trodden income tax payer. But every time anyone dares to propose that we should legalize sweeps and all other kinds of gambling, excepting games of chance, something rises up which, for want of a better name, people call The Non-conformist Conscience and we get no forrarder. The whole thing is so silly and hypocritical when you look at it that it becomes laughable. For instance, if you are caught in the public highway having half-a-crown on the horse you fancy to win the National or the Derby or the Leger you will be run in at once as a wicked criminal; but if you have a thing called a "monkey" or even a "pony" on a horse in a place separated from the high road by a bit of wood or some stucco you are a law-abiding citizen and no one will touch you. What is behind it, of course, is the desire to keep the office boy's fingers out of the till of his master. But does it? The office boy has his bet on all the same, and I do not believe for one moment that we should produce a wickeder office boy if betting and other forms of gambling, sweeps included, were regulated by law as of course they should be. Street betting goes on just the same, law or no law, and surely it would be far better to legalize and let the office boy back his horse or his football team in a penny-in-the-slot machine, or with a nice cheery booky housed comfortably in a thing like a telephone box?

The same thing applies with even greater force to sweeps. The sweep run by a properly constituted club, and in which tickets can only be obtained through members is quite in order; but if a Free State which is not a club does the same thing and tries to sell its tickets over here, anyone who buys them at once becomes a criminal of the deepest dye, and this despite the fact that in the Free State you can buy a whole raft of tickets and not be a criminal at all; and further despite the fact that, if you are a member of any recognised club which runs a sweep, you can buy a million tickets if you like and still remain on the comfortable side of the walls of Brixton. What dreadful nonsense it all is, and also how stupid at a time when we could do with it! The hospitals could be debt free in a year and Mr. Snowden out of a job!

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

Under these circumstances it is good to know that two clubs are doing useful work by which the hospitals of Great Britain will benefit, and are both doing it by means of big sweeps on the Derby, and, so I gather, other races to follow. These two clubs are Broom's Sports Club, whose H.Q. are at Zoppot, near Danzig on the Baltic, and the other the British Country Club, Madeira, whose sweep is not quite so big as Broom's, which will run into about a million, with three first prizes of equal value; whereas in the Madeira Club sweep the first prize is not likely to be more than £50,000. But both these clubs are allocating handsome percentages to the hospitals and other charities, as of course has been done as long as I can remember in the case of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club Sweep. Broom's Club in Danzig, so far as I am able to learn, will be about the biggest thing of its kind in Europe, and therefore in the world, because it ropes in under one roof almost every possible form of sport of which you can think: racing, 'chasing, polo (they have already got a course and polo grounds at Zoppot, so I am told), yachting, golf, tennis, shooting, horse shows, and if you happen to be there in the winter, a bit of bear sniping, ski-ing, skating, and sleigh-racing. It will be a great pleasure to go and see this big show, as I hope to do later in the year. Broom's is already a lusty going concern, but its programme for the future is still more extensive, and when the race-course with a steeplechase course—yet to be built, so I understand—reaches the perfection desired, it is proposed to offer added money both on the flat and for events over fences, which will challenge in value the biggest on the Continent and in England. If they ran a ten thousand pound 'chase in April, I can see a good many people thinking it worth their while to send their horses over! However, more anon as the pig said to the butcher; but why do not the Powers As Be take the long view and legalize?

(Continued on p. viii)



A BALANCING ACT IN THE PARK

Spring is here! The Hon. Marigold Fitzalan-Howard, the little daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and Lady Beaumont, aided and abetted by Joan Ackroyd and the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard, doing a tight rail walking act

CONSIDER WHAT HAPPENS



BEHIND YOUR FACE!

Faces are not the only things being relentlessly exposed by the abbreviated new hats. The back of the neck is coming into full view. As high winter collars and furs give way to spring neck-lines this is only too apparent. Indeed, there will be more than one way of risking your neck this season!

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ENGAGED: MR. NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT AND MRS. ALFRED MONTAGU
Dorothy Wilding

The wedding, which is to be a quiet one in London, is fixed for May 28. Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett, who is in the Civil Service, is the brother of the famous counsel, Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, and they are both the sons of the late Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate. When he is not busy Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett is fondest of playing cricket

THE laziest man in the village was actually running. He ran so hard that he collided with the vicar. When he had picked himself up, the vicar asked, "Why, what on earth has made you run so fast, Sam?"

"Can't wait!" gasped Sam, "I 'eard of some work!"

"And did you get the job?" asked the vicar, holding him back.

"Don't know, I'm just going to find out!"

"Well, good luck to you, Sam," said the vicar, relaxing his grasp.

"What kind of work is it?"

"Some washin' for me wife."

The following is rather topical in view of the number of very short runs experienced in London theatres lately.

Two actors forgathered. "I've just had a nice part," said the younger man, "it ran six weeks."

"Six weeks," cried the old actor, "laddie, that's not a part, that's a career."

A negress was charged with assaulting another woman.

"Lucilla Washington," said the magistrate, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Your worship," replied Lucilla, "Ah nevah struck that woman. Ah nevah touched her. Ah had reprimanded her foh throwin' rubbish out back, and she kept on doin' it, an' this mawnin' Ah reprimanded her again. Ah was holding up mah right hand jes' like the Statue of Liberty, jes' like Ah'm holdin' up mah right hand now, reprimandin' that woman, an' as Ah come close to her, that woman jes' jumped head first ovah that railing. Ah nevah touched her."

"What did you have in the hand which you were holding up like the Statue of Liberty?" asked the magistrate.

"A hatchet."

He was a very nervous and embarrassed curate, and was endeavouring to describe his holidays while dining with the lady of the manor.

"Did you manage to get any fishing?" asked his hostess.

"Oh, yes, quite a lot, mostly perch and chub. Which do you prefer, Lady Primm, cherk or pub?"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

FARMER Giles had sold some of his live-stock at the market in the county town. After the deal the buyer proceeded to settle his account.

"I'll just cross the cheque and that will finish the matter," he said.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the farmer, suspiciously.

"Oh," said the other, with a smile at his ignorance, "I just draw two lines across the cheque with my pen and write '& Co.' between them."

The farmer shook his head.

"Oh, no you don't," he said, "I'm only selling the pigs, and not the cow!"

AFTER a funeral in Scotland the mourners returned to the house of the deceased, where they engaged in sad and low-toned conversation suitable to the occasion. At length one of the men, wishing to give the talk a different tone by referring to the state of trade, said, "Well, I hope this awful depression will soon lift."

"It will," said one of the relatives more cheerfully. "I can see the maid comin' wi' the decanter."

JONES was sitting by himself in the club-house looking very worried and miserable. A friend went up to him to help cheer him up. "What's the trouble? Worse than ever?"

Jones smiled wanly. "No, it isn't exactly that," he replied gloomily, "but I've just come to the conclusion that I've joined the wrong club. The course of this one suffers from two serious handicaps. It's under-drained and over-bunkered."



"NAUGHTY CINDERELLA"—OLGA LINDO
Mabel Robey

Wearing the quite modern dinner dress of black sequins and a few feathers, in which she imparts the desirable amount of pep into the part of Germaine, who has to pretend to be far wickeder than she really is. "Naughty Cinderella" is making quite a lot of friends at the Comedy Theatre



ONE can easily understand why Blouses are in Fashion's good books when they are as delightful as the 'Japshan' Pure Silk Blouse shown here. Well cut and beautifully tailored it is an admirable companion for one's spring suit. 'Japshan' Blouses can be worn without a care, they are wash-proof and sun-fast.

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JAPSHAN^{REGD}
BLOUSES



Petrol Vapour

BY W. G. ASTON

For the View.

YEARS ago—or what seems like years ago, for these periods slip away so confoundingly easily—one Percy Barry (now, I think, no longer engrossed in the motor business) took me for a run in what he was pleased to call the "Observation Car." Indeed, I believe he opened showrooms in Berkeley Street for the sale of it. Now that was an experience that I have never forgotten for, if strictly speaking, it was not absolutely new, it was different enough to be quite impressive. The carriage work of the vehicle was not grossly abnormal in appearance beyond the fact that it was somewhat bulbous at the back. But the passengers in the rear seats faced backwards. Over their laps was a convenient little table, and I remember the agreeable Percy explaining to me that this car was the very ticket for race meetings. Reverse it right up to the rails, said he, blithely, and you have got the grandest stand that anyone could ask for. Well, that seemed reasonable, though I am sorry to say that I never used the car for this particular purpose. But what I did most positively like was the new motor-ing sensation it gave me. For about fifty hectic miles (for P. B. was never a slow-coach), I sat at the back and faced backwards. One so seldom occupies this position that one doesn't realise how extraordinarily interesting it is to see a road diminishing. Of course you can get a slight glance at the same phenomenon in the driving mirror, but in spite of the fact that our new Cabinet Minister calls for the use of this gadget in his latest Use and Construction Regulations,



AT THE WEST NORFOLK POINT-TO-POINT

A group at Necton, where they run it every year. In the picture are Mrs. H. Hambro, Colonel H. Hambro, M.F.H. (the Suffolk), Mr. R. Elwes, and Captain Godfrey Elwes



AND ALSO: MRS. BEDWELL AND CAPTAIN R. G. BUXTON

Another group at the point-to-point at Necton. Captain Buxton has been Hon. Secretary of the West Norfolk since 1913, and Arthur Johnson, the huntsman, and both the whips, H. Witney and H. Howell, date their service from that year—rather a record

I still think that the eyes of the driver of any car should be directed to the road in front. But the experience of seeing the road run away from one is both pleasing and informative. More than once—having no objection to travelling with my back to the engine—I have felt that I would like to do all my motor-ing again in this fashion. And not the least charm of it is that your instincts as a driver are not disturbed. Since you are going away from everything you are not constantly treading upon brake pedals that do not exist. You are, therefore, liberated from all immediate anxieties. For my own part, then, I always felt that there was more than a small potential future for the observation type of body, and I am glad to learn that the Armstrong-Siddeley concern have revived it. At all events they have recently built a model of this type to a special order, and it would not surprise me if such a design became a standard model in the catalogue. If the rear passengers, as seems to be possible in this case, can face either front or back, according to choice, they are certainly going to get more fun out of the car than would otherwise be possible. I see a big a' future for this new kind of body, and not less because it fulfils the suggestion of the petrol advertisements. This is a pretty village . . . wasn't it?

Something out of the Way.

I believe the correct expression is to say that, concerning a certain new car rumours have been rife for some little time. And, if I were writing for a daily paper, I should say that "I am now able to reveal" this and that, thereby breaking confidential promises. So, in an endeavour to be honourable, as well as journalistic, I will now tell you all I know about the new Hillman. And that is not very much. Those two dynamic brothers, W. E. and R. C. Rootes (the latter is now on his way back from Buenos Aires whence, it seems, he has been attending board meetings by Atlantic telephone) long ago decided that the world was their oyster. And both of them have seen for themselves what the world wanted in the way of motor-cars. They have accordingly organized the production of something which is not only new, but which is so good and sound and saleable that it will give our esteemed cousins quite a lot to think about. W. E. once remarked to me that "the car that is designed for world conditions is the best car to have for use at home." There is a profound truth in that statement. It simply is so, but too

(Continued on p. xvi)



ANOTHER WEST NORFOLK GROUP AT THE POINT-TO-POINT

The Master, Lieut.-Colonel Oliver Birkbeck and his wife, Lady Joan Birkbeck, who is a sister of the Earl of Munster, are the second and third from the right of this picture. Others in the group are Lady Kesteven, Major and Mrs. Rowley, Miss Rosie Newmann, and Mrs. Edward Birkbeck, the Master's mother. Lieut.-Colonel Oliver Birkbeck is a nephew of the late Master, Lieut.-Colonel Charles Seymour

Photographs by Arthur Owen

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N



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—these features it has... these are but a few of its obvious qualities.

But even more, its hidden merit—those qualities which only actual ownership through the years can reveal—sets a standard of values approached only by cars in a higher price class... in particular, its engineering excellence, its unflagging performance, its long lasting wear summed up by the words *outstanding dependability.*

Investigate this car—see it, examine it feature by feature, try it on the road—compare it in appearance, performance and equipment with any car in the £500 class. You then will be convinced that only Austin has succeeded in producing such a car at such a price. And the fact is, that no firm but Austin could.

The Sixteen Burnham Saloon (as Illustrated)

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(At Works)

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"Clarice took the hand in her firm young fingers and began to file the nails"

Clarice was a Blonde

by Nancy Yates-Smith.

HALF-WAY down Jermyn Street and on the right is Brown's barber's shop. It stands, quiet and dignified, between Spugging's, the tailor, and the lordly premises of Spugging's life-long enemy—Sleet, Sweep, and Arding, that ancient firm famous for building waistcoats.

In its early days Mr. Brown himself wondered whether the over-bearing magnificence of two such lordly shops on either side would cause Brown's barber's shop to be over-looked. For weeks Mr. Brown thought of ways and means to draw the casual pedestrian's eye to his exclusive establishment. But he was unsuccessful. For years Brown's barber's shop had flourished in a quiet way. It had regular clients but the trouble was, while the business paid exceedingly well, it did not grow.

It was quite by accident, therefore, that in the year 1879, a royal Prince happened to be walking down Jermyn Street, on his way to Messrs. Sleet, Sweep, and Arding.

He was turning over in his mind the slight speech he had concocted, in which he hoped that they would be satisfied with a few pounds on account and an order for ten more suits, and would they please say nothing to his father. . . .

In his distraction over such pressing matters, the royal Prince clutched at his hair and gave it a savage tweak—more savage than he intended, for his hair was rather longer than usual. The pain that this caused him made him think:

"Good lord," he said, "I want a hair-cut."

He stopped suddenly and looked around him.

"Berty," he spoke to his companion, "I must get a hair-cut. Oh, there's a place—Brown's. I'll go there."

Lord Berthington looked at it vaguely. "Better wait," he suggested, "they might do it badly."

The Prince turned to him. "What does it matter?" he said. "I'm going in."

And in he went followed by the depressed Lord Berthington. Ten minutes later he was out in the street again, shorn of his untidy locks, and Brown's barber's shop came into its own.

Its popularity increased, due to the magical painting on its windows. Three bears rearing proudly and distinctively over a Latin motto.

In later years two more coats of arms joined it and established the superiority of Brown's barber's shop.

In due season old Mr. Brown retired and his son took his place.

Now, young Mr. Brown was a progressive man. He moved, so to speak, with the times.

At the moment of his arrival to conduct the business, barbers' shops were altering. People spoke of manicurists. . . .

Mr. Brown was scandalized, but young Mr. Brown was firm. He pointed out the advantages of having some exquisite young creature to attend to the tired business man. He enlarged on the importance of keeping his clients interested.

And what, he declared, would interest them more than a sweet young thing bending over their hands? Oh, it was clearly necessary to have a manicurist or two.

Then it was that Clarice came to Jermyn Street.

Clarice was a blonde. She had blue innocent eyes that missed nothing, and an air which ought to have come out of the rue de la Paix.

She came to the shop one day in answer to his advertisement. She was dressed in black, an exquisite frock which showed her young figure to the best advantage. She looked as though she had been poured into it. She had a good figure too, as young Mr. Brown saw when he looked up and found her standing in front of him.

Young Mr. Brown's heart gave an immense jump and turned clean over.

She spoke hesitatingly.

"Are you Mr. Brown?"

"Yes." Young Mr. Brown came up for the third time. He thought suddenly: "Her voice is divine."

Then aloud he said, "I'm Mr. Brown. Can I help you?"

Clarice looked at him—smiled into his eyes.

"Oh," she said softly, "I've come about a job. I'm a manicurist."

"Are you? Are you really?" Mr. Brown was amazed. This marvellous creature. Then he was aware that she was speaking, and he had to jerk his mind back to listen.

"I beg your pardon."

"I said—will I do?" said Clarice sweetly.

Do? Mr. Brown spent twenty minutes telling her just how well she would do, and the next day Clarice started her career in Brown's barber's shop—which meanwhile had suffered many changes to keep up with the times, and now called itself "La Maison Brune," and bore in dull gold lettering above the exclusive doorway the words "Coiffeurs de Messieurs."

Young Mr. Brown had drawn the line at speaking with a French accent. And the thought of growing a fine silky goatee beard had somehow filled him with repugnance—especially after seeing Clarice.

But it was not as if Clarice noticed him. Sadly young Mr. Brown was aware that she would pass him by without so much as a glance, her glorious eyes cast to the ground, her white hands clasping a small blue bowl demurely in front of her, two enormous red-stained buffers under her arm and a towel perched precariously over one round shoulder.

However hard Mr. Brown would try to catch her eye and detain her for a chat, Clarice would not be detained. She would smile sweetly and slip away, leaving young Mr. Brown defeated but not entirely without hope.

(Continued on p. 80)



"My little girl is a fine, healthy, contented child, ails nothing, and is always ready for her cup of 'Ovaltine.' For growing children there is nothing finer."

So writes the mother of this bonny child. She knows that "Ovaltine" is the ideal daily food beverage during the growing years of childhood, when more nourishment is needed than ordinary food contains. For "Ovaltine" supplies, in a concentrated and correctly balanced form, all the nutritive elements which create energy and build up healthy bodies and sound nerves.

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P 710

Clarice was a Blonde—*cont. from p. 78*

He did not know, naturally, that Clarice's thoughts were well occupied with a certain good-looking hair-dresser in a shop off Bond Street. And that this certain young man was completely lacking in ambition—which worried Clarice. Because Clarice was an ambitious girl and frequently suffered from a feeling that she had not done well enough. They troubled her, those ambitions.

It was on a day like this when Clarice's ambitions were soaring sky high that she first met Mr. Sleet of Sleet, Sweep, and Arding.

Now Clarice knew people by their hands. She would sit for hours at her little table, her eyes bent on the hand stretched out on the cushion in front of her, her deft fingers intent on her work.

Thin hands, fat hands, fair hands, scraggy hands, hands like claws, all passed one by one under her gaze. She trimmed their nails, polished them, and then said: "Next please?"

This time she was arranging her little bowl and various implements when a fat white hand came softly down on her cushion and a voice said facetiously above her head:

"Well, my dear, may I have a manicure?"

Clarice impersonally took the hand in her firm young fingers and began to file the nails.

"Lovely morning," said Mr. Sleet, conversationally.

"Is it?" Clarice said coolly. "I didn't notice." Then, "What kind of a polish do you like?"

Mr. Sleet smiled. "Like yours, my dear young lady. Charming—charming!"

Clarice's expression ought to have warned him. But her head was bent, and he could not see her face. But still it was very rash of him to do what he did—for very gently Mr. Sleet applied a slight pressure to the slim fingers that touched his. It was, in fact, a pinch. A slight pinch, it is true, for Mr. Sleet was discreet. Nevertheless it was a pinch.

A slight smile curved the corners of Clarice's adorable mouth; and still smiling, she dug the sharp tips of her scissors into the flabby white flesh.

Mr. Sleet gave a mixture of a squeak and a yelp and withdrew his damaged finger hurriedly.

Clarice was regretful. "Oh, I am so sorry." Her limpid blue eyes smiled into his. "Please forgive me."

Mr. Sleet muttered something that she did not catch. Then he looked suspiciously at her and reluctantly delivered his hand back into her custody.

The rest of the manicure was uneventful. Mr. Sleet, having learnt his lesson, was cautious, but he did not give up hope. Long and varied experience of the chorus had taught him the art of subtle preliminaries.

He liked Clarice, liked the way her blonde hair blew around her face, and the disdainful curve of her lips. He liked them proud.

Things, he told himself, were going to be interesting. And at the thought he chuckled to himself.

Later, he departed, still chuckling, and from the door-way espied the hated figure of Spuggings, the tailor. The sight of him put Sleet off his lunch and gave him indigestion for the rest of the day.

As for Spuggings, he affected not to notice Mr. Sleet. And with his head held high marched into the shop.

He nearly fell over young Mr. Brown who was standing just inside the door.

"Oh, it's you," Mr. Spuggings said somewhat peremptorily. "Can you tell me why you allow people like that in your shop? Eh? Answer me."

Then, without waiting for an answer, he marched in to have his hair cut.

It was during the course of one of these operations—necessarily delicate because Mr. Spuggings was nearly bald, and what few hairs he had left he cared for with the greatest of trouble—that Mr. Spuggings first set eyes on Clarice.

After that he came more often to La Maison Brune.

It must have been an hour or so later in the same day that Clarice's ambitions began to trouble her again. This time a bit more than usual.

After having thought seriously for a few minutes Clarice got up from her table and passed into young Mr. Brown's sanctum.

Mr. Brown was surprised to see her, but enormously pleased. He told her so.

Clarice smiled faintly.

"Won't you sit down?" He offered her a chair.

Clarice thanked him.

She had come, she said, to find out if he intended to enlarge his premises.

Mr. Brown said no, he hadn't thought about it. "Do you think I ought to?" he asked politely.

Clarice said firmly, "Naturally."

"One has to enlarge . . ." she said as an after-thought.

"Of course, of course," Mr. Brown said seriously, his mind occupied with the curl that wound itself around one shell-like ear. "What do you suggest?"

"I thought of hair-dressing—ladies' hair-dressing," Clarice told him.

"We haven't the room," Mr. Brown pointed out. "And it's bad for business to move."

Clarice nodded. "I know—I've thought of that."

"Well?"

"What about the top floor? Sleet, Sweep, and Arding have got three big rooms over this shop. What about leasing them from Sleet?"

"I've tried that before. There's nothing doing. Sleet said they're more use to them as fitting rooms," Mr. Brown told her.

"Oh!" Clarice sat back disappointed, a frown of annoyance between her eyebrows.

Suddenly she sat up.

"If," she began, "if I can get those rooms will you make me manager of the hair-dressing department?"

Mr. Brown came to with a start. He was admiring the little dimple which had suddenly displayed itself in the middle of her cheek.

"Of course," Mr. Brown promised. "But I can tell you that they wouldn't listen to me. They demanded a huge sum and wouldn't come down in price. I wouldn't pay it."

Clarice stood up. "Well, I can only try."

But as she got to the door she stopped, her hand on the door-knob, and half turned to him.

"Aren't there cellars underneath this shop? What about them?"

Mr. Brown shook his head. "Yes—they don't belong to me, though. Spuggings has a nine years' lease of them. He uses them as store-rooms."

Clarice's face cleared. "You've promised that I can take on that job—"

"Yes—oh, yes," Mr. Brown was sure about that. The darling . . .

"Very well then—" Clarice smiled at him. Her most brilliant smile. Mr. Brown blinked as though he had been dreaming.

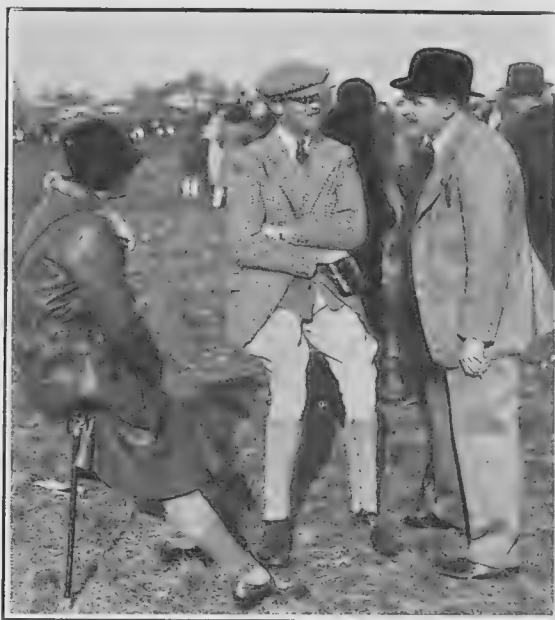
"Gosh," he said to himself when the door closed behind her. "If she uses that smile on those men, Lord knows what she won't get out of them!"

But he did not know then that Mr. Sleet had had a long and varied experience with ladies from the chorus and knew a bit about their gold-digging qualities. Therefore it was with delight not unmixed with suspicion that he was conscious that Clarice was quite suddenly aware of his attentions and, seemingly, not averse to them.

Thrilled, he issued an invitation for lunch. Clarice accepted and was a charming companion, leaving Mr. Sleet quite breathless with the wonder of it all.

But, however, when next he asked her out to lunch he discovered he had a rival in Mr. Spuggings, who in the meantime had made some progress in his affair, and had even got to the stage of asking Clarice to spend a day in the country with him.

(Continued on p. xii)



AT THE BERKELEY POINT-TO-POINT

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort and Captain D. W. Gunston, M.P., at Rangeworthy, Gloucestershire, last week. The Berkeley are the next-door neighbours of the Beaufort, of which His Grace is the senior Joint-Master



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Eve at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME



A rest by the way at Camberley Heath: A group including Mrs. Alec Gold and Mrs. Walter Payne (Berkshire), Miss J. Hill and Mrs. Crombie (West Hill), Miss Bayliss, and Mrs. Kenneth Morrice, the organizer of the London Foursomes

PROFESSIONAL golfers are not often to be watched without taking a great deal of hard exercise in uncomfortably large crowds all bent on seeing just as much as you yourself. "The Bystander" competition gives a delightful chance of seeing the wheels go round, so to speak, without any greater exertion than is necessary to walk after them. When the weather is cold, as it was this year at Stoke Poges, walking, no matter how many clothes of what weight you had on, was probably a preferable occupation to trying to hit the ball. Yet competitors on the whole were wonderfully cheerful, for "The Bystander" is an interesting competition and the challenge trophy a magnificent affair well worth winning. There was education too in seeing how the pros, who on the whole are rather strangers to Stoke Poges, tackled its problems, which were no doubt made distinctly difficult by the shortcomings of some of their ladies. Yet, curiously enough, the best ladies do not invariably bring in their pros. winners; it is rather the humbler members of society who can contribute a few strokes to the party, and who are content to keep the ball in play to the best of their ability.

Mrs. Hutton filled that rôle to perfection with Cox of Beaconsfield, so that they not only led the field at lunch time with 83-5=78, but in the afternoon survived some rather shattering experiences and added an 81 net to the morning 78, and so walked off with the trophy (or rather the memento cups, for the trophy itself no couple unaided could carry), with six strokes to spare.

Camberley Heath basked in sunshine for the three days of the Ladies' London Foursomes, and though the club naturally hankered for rain (of which they had seen not a drop for six weeks), the players had no reason to wish the course otherwise than it was at the moment. There was any amount of run, with the result that the ninth and the thirteenth were the only two holes which remained absolutely immune from anybody's attempts to get up in two shots. Only the very long hitters, certainly, reached the first, the fifth, the seventh, the tenth consistently in two, and nobody insulted the third by getting nearer than the outskirts of the green in two. But play was from the back of the L.G.U. tees, so that the holes were definitely two-shotters for the best people, and the course therefore an excellent test.

Camberley Heath would have been less than human if they had not wished their own fine pair to win, and felt, moreover, that they had a very good chance of doing so. Miss Gourlay and Miss Dorothy Pearson were just about as long as any couple there, and Miss Gourlay as beautiful a putter. Their 70 for 17 holes, in the course of which they defeated Thorndon Park, was the best scoring of the week, because when Worplesdon were round in 72 they had finished their match by 7 and 6. With Mrs. Garon and Miss Winn, Thorndon Park's excellent pair, safely behind them, Camberley may well have thought

their path into the final secured. But Mrs. Guedalla has never said die and never will, so that her magnificent courage with some very able backing up from Mrs. Harrison, gave Addington their win from Camberley in the semi-final at the 19th hole.

Worplesdon's career was unfortunately a steady descent downhill, after starting with a 9 and 8 win in which Miss Wethered, complete with a new set of clubs and almost devoid of practice, played about as well as even she could hope to do. There was not very much wrong when they beat Banstead Downs by 7 and 6, nor to take exception to when they only beat St. George's Hill one up, because that afternoon Mrs. McNair played with all the wisdom which comes from long experience, not only of golf but of championship tennis, and Mrs. Alec Johnson surpassed herself. But in the semi-final against the Lady Golfers' Club Miss Wethered actually made a number of slips. If it had been anybody else one would have said how splendid her golf was, and it is only fair to say that Mrs. Kennedy threw away a couple of holes early in the round; but the most palpable crime was perpetrated by Miss Wethered when she missed the second shot to the 18th after the Lady Golfers' Club had missed

their drive. So that Worplesdon went to the 19th and lost there instead of winning at the 18th. Unstinted praise of Miss Wethered is such a commonplace that it is only just when she falls into error to record the fact as an item of history.

As for the Lady Golfers' Club, who beat them and then went on to defeat Addington by 4 and 3 in the final, Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Rudgard were a splendid pair who just reversed Worplesdon's progress. They started somewhat shakily, Miss Wilson experimenting with all sorts of styles and theories, and Miss Rudgard joining her in a perfect orgy of putts. But when it came to the last day Miss Wilson abandoned theory and went back to her own natural game with the result that she was hitting the ball nearly as far as Miss Wethered, and altogether impressed that great player very favourably. Miss Rudgard showed herself what she undoubtedly is, a most brilliant player who has every shot at her command and only wants a little more settled confidence to eliminate the occasional really bad shot. Her approach putting on the last day was by no means the least valuable asset of her side.

The Lady Golfers' Club won three years ago when Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Walter Payne represented them, and when, curiously enough, they had also beaten Worplesdon in the semi-final, and last year Mrs. Walter Payne and Miss Wilson were only beaten at the 22nd hole by Miss Fowler and Miss Lobbett. Altogether theirs was a suitable win, although the world always feels things to be a little bit awry if Miss Wethered's side fails to come through.



Miss Rudgard, who with Miss Enid Wilson secured the London Foursomes for the Lady Golfers' Club, beating Addington in the final

RESPONSIBILITY



RESPONSIBILITY can be either a handicap or an encouragement.

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Modern civilization demands the ready acceptance of responsibility. The Air Liner pilot—quick in emergency—is an outstanding example.



Models for 1931

"ENVOY"
Six Cylinder Half-Panelled Saloon
£385

"ENSIGN" SIX
Six Cylinder Saloons—as illustrated
£245 £275 £285

"BIG NINE"
Four Cylinder Saloons
From £195—£255

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD COVENTRY

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

The Golden Stairway.

THE Goddess of Fashion stood at the head of the Golden Stairway flanked with banks of the loveliest flowers that nature, not art, has ever created. She declared that women had no excuse for not being successfully dressed this season, as there were modes for all occasions and for all exchequers at Selfridge's, Oxford Street. This fact was forcibly brought home to the fashionable audiences that were present at this firm's March of the Mannequins. It was a genuine pleasure to watch them descend the golden stairway, so admirably had they been trained. Archie de Bear's eight famous Chelsea models were among them, Marius B. Winter and his renowned B.B.C. band were in attendance, and showed that music and fashion go hand in hand.

The Jewelled Curtain.

It is impossible to give an adequate description of the dresses at Selfridge's parade. Those for the beach and garden were warmly applauded, and the keenest interest was taken in the wraps and frocks for in and out of town; after the

Fashion has endorsed these summer hats which may be seen at Asprey's. The one on the left is of fancy baku, narrow rows of hem-stitching and flowers being requisitioned for decorative purposes. An important feature of the above model is the black straw brim and crochet crown reinforced with yellow and white daisies. (See p. iv)



The Period frocks created by Gene Glenny, 128, New Bond Street, W., have come to stay, as by their aid women may express their individuality. The Katharine Parr model seen on the left is of soft steel-grey velvet, and the Penelope on the right of printed voile. (See p. iv)

parades women simply flocked to the salons and began to shop in earnest. Fairyland seemed to come to life when the jewelled prismatic curtain was lowered; it was a scintillating mass of glorious colours. It was drawn aside for a moment, and then Gloria appeared in full court dress; the ensemble was correct to the tiniest detail, no artistic licence was permitted with regard to the train or other accessories. It was of snow-white chiffon reinforced with a net veil. Robbed of its train, it would make an ideal evening dress, while the train could easily be converted into a shoulder wrap. The proceedings were brought to a close with a bride in a white satin dress, the bridegroom being in full-dress uniform and kilt of a well-known Highland regiment.

Spring Leafage.

There is ever something original and out of the rut of the commonplace about the parades of fashion at Jaeger's, 352, Oxford Street. They are now talking about Spring leafage for women, and not fashions; it was these leaves or frocks and wraps that were recently shown. It was stated that Paris prefers wool fabrics, and no wonder, because they are as fine as chiffon and drape as gracefully as crêpe de chine. They are woven in artistic designs and are sometimes embroidered; the possibilities of broderie anglaise patterns have not been overlooked. At the Spring show there were two-piece suits, also the well-known Jaeger coats; furthermore there were the rather more decorative ensembles consisting of printed crêpe de chine frocks with coats of fine woollen fabrics; they were all designed and carried out by the House of Jaeger.

(Continued on p. iv)



R de LAVERERIE

FASHION'S PETS ★ KAYSER STOCKINGS

Says ZIZI ★ she's wearing Sansheen
— the new dull stockings by Kayser!

Says POM-POM ★ naturally! —
it's as dowdy to have shiny legs as it is
to have a shiny nose these days!

Ask to see Kayser SANSHEEN* — the fashionable stockings
with the new dull finish and clinging Kayser Slendo heel.
In lovely shades — made of PURE flawless silk — like all
Kayser stockings. From 8/11. Other Kayser styles from 5/11

KAYSER

*Trade Mark applied for: made in U.S.A.
Wholesale Distributor: C. J. DAVIS,
3 Prince's St., Cavendish Sq., London, W.1

fashion dramatized



Fashion was dramatized at Harrods' march of the mannequins, when Mlle. D'Alroy displayed the newest interpretations and smart units of the wardrobe, and demonstrated in an exceedingly clever manner the way they should be worn

A lovely hat of brown crinoline is seen on the right of this page; when the brim is removed the last word in bérêts with a wreath of gardenias is revealed. The evening wrap of ebon hue is lined with white panne; the scarf collar forms a cape at one side and is caught with three white poppies

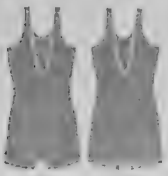
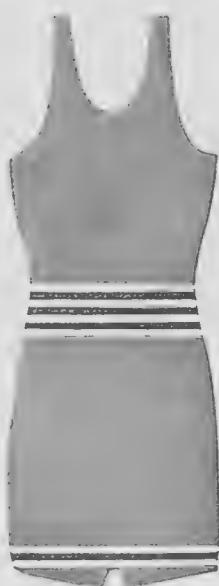
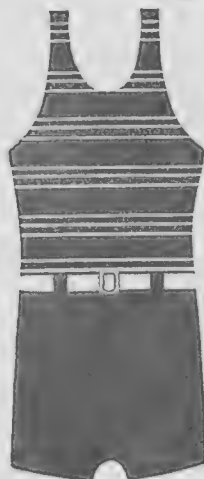


Among the many triumphs of the dressmaker's art to augment a depleted wardrobe at Harrods is this brown lace frock; the corsage is moulded to the figure, while the skirt is slightly stiffened; the modish little coatee, which is seen in conjunction with it, is of egg-shell tinted velvet lined with willow green. Telling touches are the epaulette sleeves, long gloves, and muff



Models, Harrods

Pictures by Blake

A FEW OF THE
MANY SHAPES
AVAILABLEfor
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MENSTYLE 8
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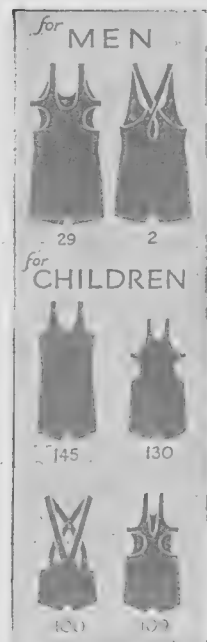
You must swim in colour this summer...

Colour, colour on every Beach—gay colours, daring, riotous—almost outrageous colours; enough colour to make the most sophisticated of last year's creations appear almost antiquated. RIBANA acclaims this vogue for colour—Ribana, the fine pure wool stream-lined swimming Suits, fitting clean and unwrinkled from shoulder to thigh. Ribana designs are unique—the inspired ideas of Continental Artists who have produced the most original colour schemes that creative genius could visualise. Ribana Swimming Suits are *practical*—fashioned by those who understand swimmers' needs—knitted by a new elastic process which, combined with the high quality Botany wool, gives the fine soft texture of silk stockinette—gaily coloured with dyes that are sea-proof and sun-proof. Yet Ribana costs no more than many quite ordinary garments.

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Please send me, post free, particulars of Ribana Swimming Suits and where obtainable.

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ADDRESS

3d. stamp if sent in unsealed envelope.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Cardigan Two-Piece.

There were many representatives of the cardigan two-piece at Jaeger's. Everyone was impressed with the clever manner in which the skirts fitted the hips; yokes, darts, and piping all had their rôles to play; generally the belt was in the normal position. The cardigans were tailored, and had annexed the jumpers; these were often patterned, the skirts being plain. A new white fabric was used for vests and jumpers; in the distance it had the appearance of piqué, as a matter of fact it is much softer.

Court and Bridal Gowns.

The dress parade held in the Circular Room of the Army and Navy Stores was a very dignified affair. Everyone was extremely interested in the Court and bridal gowns; the price of each model was plainly stated on the programmes, which was an immense advantage. It came as a surprise to many that a pink satin Court gown with the train lined with ninon was only £9 10s.; while £23 was the cost of a blue satin *chef-d'œuvre* lined with silver lamé. Subsequently a bride appeared wearing a dress of ivory satin with veil of Brussels lace; the bridesmaids' frocks of pale primrose broderie anglaise were £6 10s. A feature was made of beach pyjamas and lounge suits—a strong point in their favour was that they were very simple—and it is safe to predict that it is suits of this character that women will wear as soon as the warm weather arrives. The prices were remarkably pleasant; for instance, one of blue gingham was 8s. 11d.; naturally there were more costly affairs carried out in shantung and crêpe de chine.

Duplicates of French Models.

In accordance with their usual custom the Army and Navy Stores showed several original French models side by side with their copies of the same. Apparently the only difference was in the price. For instance, a blue and white ensemble created by Goupy cost £42 to import; its duplicate was available for £23.

Non-Committal Frocks.

Nowadays women are always enthusiastic about what may be termed non-committal frocks, that is, something that they will look well in on a variety of occasions, when it may be that they are not sure what to wear. The period dresses created by Gene Glenny, 128, New Bond Street, W., will fill this vacant niche in the wardrobe. Last season they created a furore of admiration, and now they are more sought after than ever. They represent various characters in history and literature, and as a consequence there is something to suit everyone. Illustrated on p. 84 is the Katharine Parr model; it is carried out in soft grey velvet and is pleasantly priced at 12½ guineas. The other

model pictured represents Penelope; it is the same price and is expressed in printed voile. Perfectly charming is the Victorian era affair; it is of printed voile and is 10½ guineas. Gene Glenny delights in designing special period frocks in which the prospective wearer's individuality is expressed. By the way, it must not be overlooked that this clever artist in dress was the originator of the shadow dresses; every season they are brought up to date, and then it will be such good news to all well-dressed women that they are from 9 guineas.

Hats for Sunny Days.

The sun has already given more than a hint of what he intends to do in the near future, therefore intelligent women will visit the Asprey salons, Bond Street, W., and see the shady hats that have been assembled there. Illustrated in the centre of p. 84 is a model of fancy baku; a new note is struck by the narrow lines of hemstitching which are used for decorative purposes, the scheme being completed with three small flowers; of it one may become the possessor for 5½ guineas. The other *chef-d'œuvre* is of black straw with a crochet crown trimmed with yellow and white daisies. Some particularly attractive models are arranged with veils; it is wonderful the good work that these accessories perform. Then there are useful hats expressed in a new Rodier fabric, the brims lined with straw; they are £2 2s., while knitted woollen caps to harmonize with tweed suits are 3½ guineas. Naturally there is a wealth of choice in hats with scarves to match.

Clip-on Watches.

The vogue for clip-on ornaments each day becomes more pronounced, and Asprey's are warmly to be congratulated on the clip-on watches which may be seen in their fashion section. The designs are particularly artistic, and as the prices are 5, 6, 6½, and 7 guineas it will be realized that simuli and not real diamonds are present in the surrounds. The necklaces are perfectly beautiful; in some, pearls and crystals share honours, and then there are others with carved beads. It must be mentioned, too, that those composed of semi-precious stones have their rôles to play.

Dexter Weatherproofs.

Never mind the weather, but go to R. W. Forsyth's of Vigo House, Regent Street, W., and acquire a Dexter weatherproof. It is downright smart and at the same time perfectly practical. "Noah's Wife" is a very interesting booklet; not only does it contain coloured illustrations of the newest Dexters and an amusing article explaining how Mrs. Noah, had she lived to-day, would have liked the rain, as she would have been able to go out in it under the protection of a Dexter. Illustrated on this page is the St. Fillan's model, which has a long-standing tradition for giving comfort in every kind of weather—rain or wind, sun or cold. It is provided with storm collar and cuffs, with combine wool lining; the price is £4 4s. or, lined with artificial silk, it is 5 guineas. Note how a Forsyth muffler adds to the smartness of the ensemble; it introduces the much to be desired telling touch of colour. Hats made to match the coats are 25s. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that at Vigo House there are Dexter weathercoats for men as well as women from £3 3s.



Picture by Blake

THE ST. FILLAN'S DEXTER

This perfect raincoat is sponsored by R. W. Forsyth. It is reinforced with storm-collar and cuffs. A muffler introduces a telling touch of colour

Mother!

your children can't tell!

YOU must safeguard their food



The temperature in the B.T.H. Refrigerator is kept always below 50° F., the bacteria danger point, to ensure that your food will be perfectly preserved and your health safeguarded.

To your children, food is merely something to eat... they don't know whether it's fresh or not. Why not give them the assurance of safety... the positive food preservation that comes with the "Steel-Clad Top"... the sign of a B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator. Their food and health demand the watchful care of a B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator.

B.T.H. Refrigeration is the sure way of keeping food fresh. Outside conditions cannot interfere. Food is always perfectly safe and wholesome... kept always below 50° F.—the bacteria danger point. Your children's food is safeguarded by electric refrigeration; their health is safeguarded, too.

Assured Economy

Prepared today, food will be appetisingly fresh tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, and the day after that... you will be amazed to learn how long you can have good food—well kept. Waste is eliminated. Shopping worries are reduced to a minimum and menu-planning is simple. Think of these advantages brought by B.T.H. Electric Refrigeration, and of the saving of money, time and worry. B.T.H. Electric Refrigeration is an economy, not an expense.

The "Steel-Clad Top"

The "Steel-Clad Top" is the sign of simplicity... the trouble-free Electric

Refrigerator. It is so simple that you merely plug in to the nearest wall point and switch it on. After that it never needs attention... NOT EVEN OILING.

The B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator operates AUTOMATICALLY... SILENTLY... EFFICIENTLY, in an hermetically sealed chamber which excludes air, moisture and dirt. There are no exposed moving parts. Smoothly and effectively this perfect servant performs its work under all conditions and at all times... bringing food preservation, delicious dishes, ice cubes... all contributing to perfect health and assured economy.

Because the unit is on top there is more shelf space. Inside, the B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator is roomy... spacious... with rounded corners to make cleaning easy and assure perfect sanitation.

There is an authorised dealer near you. Why not consult him regarding the generous hire-purchase terms? He will give you full particulars about a gleaming white B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator. There is a model to suit your exact requirements. Or if more convenient address a post card to International Refrigerator Co., Ltd., 169, Regent Street, London, W.1, and a brochure will be sent you describing the full line of B.T.H. Refrigerators which "make it safe to be hungry."

ALL-STEEL  ELECTRIC
REFRIGERATOR



OLD HARROVIAN GOLF WIN AT DEAL

After a great struggle Harrow won the Halford-Hewitt Cup in the foursomes tournament for the Public Schools Old Boys Societies at Deal. They defeated the Wykehamists on the Royal Cinque Ports course by three games to two. The names in this group, left to right, are: Back row—J. C. Collins, R. Straker, N. Grierson, R. W. Zair, G. L. Q. Henriquez; sitting—Captain J. Pelham-Burn, R. H. Oppenheimer, Halford-Hewitt (donor of cup), Cyril Gray (captain of Harrow side), Colonel J. T. Moore-Brabazon, M.P., and F. Lee Stone



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Best London made fumed Oak Cabinet, conveniently fitted with 6 Table Spoons, 12 Soup Spoons, 12 Table Forks, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Sauce Ladles, 12 Table Knives, 12 Cheese Knives, 1 pair Meat Carvers, 1 pair Game Carvers,* 1 Sharpener, 12 pairs Fish Knives and Forks, 1 pair Fish Carvers. The Spoons and Forks are PRINCE'S PLATE (Rat-tail pattern), and the Cutlery is fitted with "Tusca" handles.

A Catalogue of Prince's Plate Spoons, Forks, Cutlery and Household Plate will be sent by return of post.

* The Meat and Game Carvers are of hand-forged steel.



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There's delightful anticipation
in the thought of a quiet evening
with a good book & a packet of

Player's

Player's invite the careful attention of the Public
to the Quality and Quantity of the Pure
Virginia Tobacco which their cigarettes contain



THE FULL VALUE CIGARETTE

Ncc 31.

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 72)

The recent case in which a coroner was severely rebuked by the foreman of his own jury for being late, and demanded to be told whether the jury could not fine him, as most certainly he would have fined them if the positions had been reversed, raises the uncomfortable suggestion that this thing may go a bit further. In these progressive days how dare we gamble upon it that it will not? Is there not every likelihood that those of whom it has been said they should wear beards of formal cut, have fair round bellies with good capon lined, and be full of wise saws and modern instances, may very soon be brought up by a short round turn by the modern jurymen? I fear that the Bench is "for it." What is to prevent our hearing the modern foreman saying: "Go back and put your wig on straight!" "I don't like your boots, and your trousers are simply beastly! You can't help being a bone-headed old bore, but the least you can do is to dress yourself properly!" It may go even further than this. May we not hear a summing-up interrupted by: "Don't talk such stuff about the evidence of Sapphira Smith! You were fast asleep the whole time she was in the box, so how you have the cheek to say that her demeanour did not impress you, the jury cannot understand—also we think you have talked quite long enough—so shut up, and when we come back we will tell you what we think. As a matter of fact, you are rather a redundant person, and why they stick you up there and dress you up in that silly pink coat and a ratty-looking wig, heaven alone knows." It is bound to come to this—and soon!



Jan Smith

AT THE LAUDERDALE POINT-TO-POINT

A group at Blainsee, near Lauder, where these 'chases were run. In the group are Miss McConnell, Miss Marjorie Scott, and Miss Maitland. The Lauderdale country used to be part of the Buccleuch, and before that of the large tract hunted by Mr. Baillie of Mellerstain

The Secretary of the R.S.P.C.A. writes to me à propos a statement made by the Chief of the Paris Municipal Police concerning the use of the humane killers at Vaurigard, and which I published (by request) in these notes, saying:

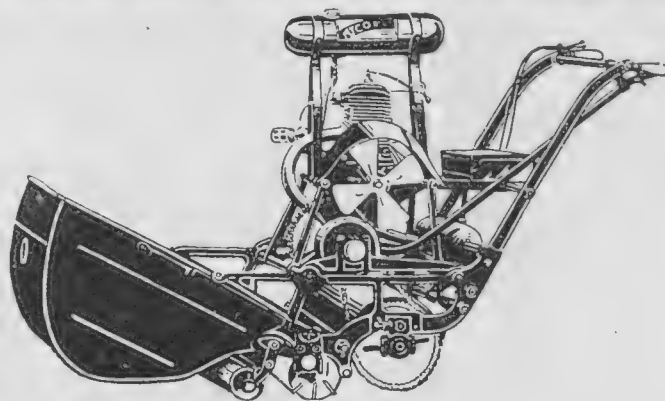
It is quite true, as has been testified also by the representatives of two independent animal societies, who have visited the slaughter-houses, that the killers are in constant use. We have specially presented a surplus number of killers, so that when one goes wrong there is another to take its place, and definite arrangements have now been made for the killers to be collected, cleaned and repaired, and put back over night ready for the next day. In this way the time taken in repairs and adjustments has been reduced.

I have not the least doubt that when the Police Chief, "the representatives of two independent animal societies," and also when the representatives of the R.S.P.C.A. have visited these shambles the humane killers have been in full blast. The fact remains, however, that when unsuspected persons not connected with the police or independent animal societies have visited this place they have seen quite a different picture. I am afraid that I prefer the testimony of those who have witnessed unrehearsed performances. I am further told by the R.S.P.C.A. that my "supposition that the killers have been out of order a great deal is incorrect." It was not a "supposition." I am not prepared to alter anything that I have said. Concerning this and the *affaire* Gandhi I received the following postcard from an unknown friend:—

Congratulations on your two articles in the 11th on humane killer. Of course they are permanently out of order! and the 18th on Gandhi. It was a pity there was no Socialist candidate as all the Socialists 6,000 voted for Duff Cooper.

STUDYING YOUR CONVENIENCE

Now, every lawn owner may enjoy the efficiency and economy of Atco motor mowing, for the question of finance—occasionally an inconvenient factor—has been anticipated. The Atco System of gradual disbursement enables every lawn owner to become an Atco owner at once. Send the coupon for full details of this plan and particulars of Atco Motor Mowers including the new De Luxe range.



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ALL BRITISH
MOTOR MOWER

Please send full particulars of your system whereby I can obtain an Atco for from £6 down Also include catalogue to—

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Post this in an unsealed envelope for id. to
CHARLES H. PUGH, Ltd.,
Whitworth Works,
12, TILTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.

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FOR ANY WEATHER AND EVERY DAY



The VALSTAR

a weathercoat of unusual distinction

There is something about the Valstar Weathercoat particularly pleasing to women of discriminating taste. Its modish appearance and admirable performance under the worst conditions have made it exceedingly popular for town and country wear.

Fashioned from a smart, durable, rubberless fabric thoroughly proofed against wind and rain, it is featherlight in weight and can be worn throughout the day with ease and comfort.

Every Valstar Weathercoat carries the Valstar label. A better coat you cannot buy whatever price you pay.

Sold by leading stores, drapers and outfitters. If you have difficulty in obtaining, write to the manufacturers for patterns, name of nearest retailer, and descriptive literature.



LADIES' No. 20
(as illustrated)

Range comprises 31 different shades. Lined throughout with proofed check lining in shades to tone. **65/-**

OTHER MODELS AT OTHER PRICES.

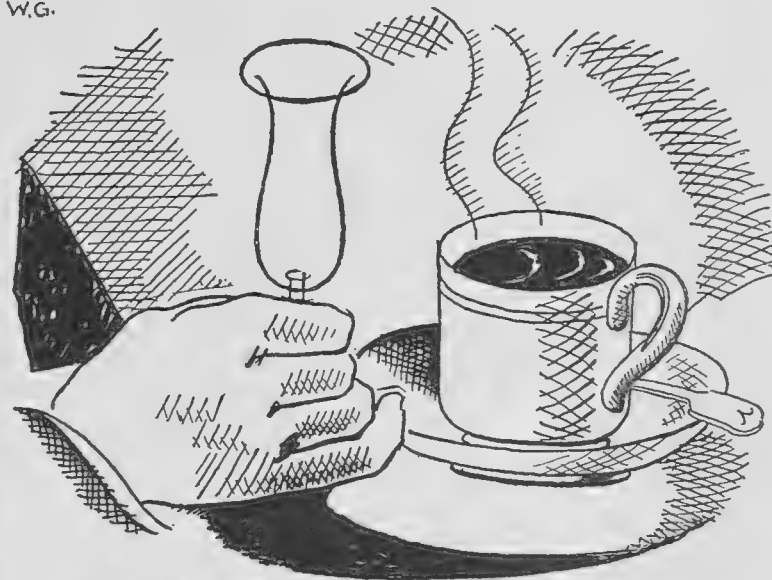
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Dry and exquisitely flavoured

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The perfect
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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Elliott & Fry

MISS MARY MONTGOMERY

Whose engagement was recently announced to Lieut.-Commander Robert Graham Lowry, the only son of the late Admiral Sir Robert Lowry and of Lady Lowry, is the eldest daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Hugh Montgomery of Blessingbourne, co. Tyrone

married on April 23, at Dharmasala, India; another wedding taking place abroad is that between Mr. Gerald Brenan, the eldest son of Major and Mrs. Brenan of The Close, Edgeworth, Stroud, and Miss Elisabeth Woolsey, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. W. Woolsey, of Breeze Hill Plantation, South Carolina. They are marrying shortly in Rome.

This Month.

On April 11, Mr. Ronald Hornby of Emsworth House, Emsworth, Hants, and Miss Margot Reay-Nadin are being married at the Parish Church, Sutton Coldfield; the 18th is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. John

To-day's Wedding.

To-day (April 8), Mr. John Anthony Pollen, the son of Mr. and Mrs.

Arthur H. Pollen of 32, Wilton Place, is marrying Miss Bridget Gertrude Blundell at the Oratory Church, Brompton Road. The bride is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Cuthbert Blundell, of Slaughtam Place, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

Abroad.

Capt. Charles B. Lewis, 1st K.G.O. Gurkha Rifles, and Miss Eleanor Valeria Simpson, who is the daughter of Captain H. V. Simpson, C.M.G., R.N. (retired), and Mrs. Simpson of Bordighera, are being



Hay Wrightson

MISS ANN WHIGHAM

The only daughter of General Sir Robert and Lady Whigham, whose marriage to Mr. Ian Charles Ritchie, the elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Harold Ritchie, D.S.O., and Mrs. E. J. H. Luxmoor, will take place on April 29, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Lewis Watney of Chaldon Rise, Merstham, Surrey, and Miss Margaret Adeline (Peggy) Pope of Nowers, Wellington, Somerset, and it is to be at the Parish Church, Wellington; and on the 22nd, Mr. John Edward Lorne Campbell Currie marries Miss Gabrielle Ritchie at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Leslie Robert Perris, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Perris of Wallington, Surrey, is

engaged to Miss Muriel Kathleen Coward, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coward of Meads, Eastbourne; Lieutenant Hugh Patrick de Crecy Steel, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Crecy Steel of Drynham, Weybridge, late of Bahia, Brazil, and Miss Phyllis Evelyn May Houdret, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Houdret of Egham, Surrey; Mr. Rowe Harding, barrister-at-law, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Harding of Swansea, and Miss Elizabeth



Bassano

MISS WENDY WOODYATT

Who is engaged to Captain A. G. E. Alexander, M.C., the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the second son of Major Alexander, R.A.M.C., and of Mrs. Alexander of The Crescent, Scarborough, is the only child of Mr. Edward Woodyatt of Knox House, Deepdale, Scarborough

Adeline George, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Owen George, of Bryncynon, Hirwain, South Wales.



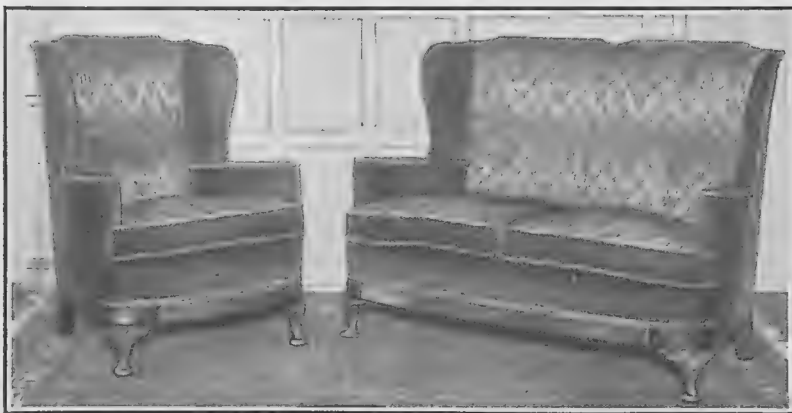
By Appointment to
H.M. The King.

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LTD.

MODERATELY PRICED

Distinctive Furniture

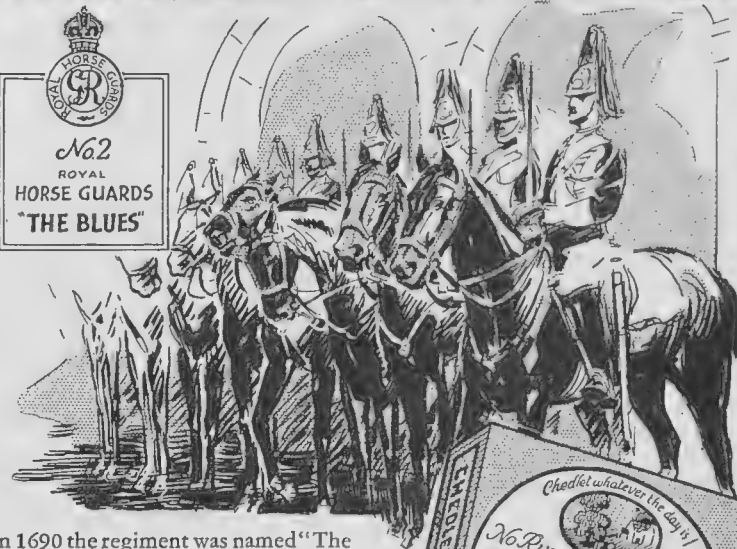


Settee and Easy Chair covered Tapestry,
being reproduction of old needlework.

223 etc. FULHAM RD. CHELSEA S.W.3

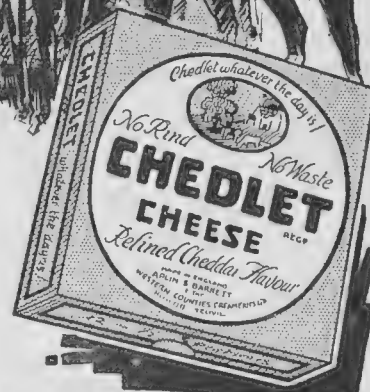
TEN MINUTES' TAXI FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS.
NEAREST STATION - SOUTH KENSINGTON (District and Tube).
BUS ROUTES - Nos. 14 and 98.

NICKNAMES, BADGES & TRADITIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY



In 1690 the regiment was named "The Oxford Blues" to distinguish it from the "Horse Guards" (Dutch) of the Earl of Portland. It was later known as "The Blue Guards" and is now popularly called "The Blues." It is the only cavalry regiment now in existence that formed part of the Parliamentary Army during the reign of Charles I. Its disbandment was ordered but never carried out.

In Cheese there is no higher reputation than that enjoyed by Chedlet for purity, quality and economy. It has a refined Cheddar flavour.



CHEDLET CHEESE

SEVILLE (SPAIN)



Folding of Bulls.



The Cathedral and the Giralda Tower.



Holy Week Procession of Brotherhoods.



Image for Holy Week Processions.



Maria Luisa Park.



Procession of Dawn.

VISIT SUNNY SPAIN

the Country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

THE FAIR OF SEVILLE APRIL 18th to APRIL 21st

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For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the Spanish National Travel Board at PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695 Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9, Via Condotti; MUNICH, 6, Residenzstrasse; BUENOS AIRES, Veinticinco de Mayo, 58; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Litts Agencies, or any other Travel Agency.

Clarice was a Blonde—continued from p. 80

Mr. Sleet grew apoplectic in the face at this news. That scoundrel. How dare he!

His rage grew to alarming proportions when he found out that Mr. Spuggings had no intention of retiring and leaving him master of the field. For Mr. Spuggings was stubborn, and it was his stubbornness which had caused the two firms to be such deadly rivals. It was this same stubbornness that would not allow him to give in to his old enemy. Besides Clarice, he thought, was worth fighting for . . .

Within the week the affair was the talk of Jermyn Street. Tongues wagged, heads were shaken, and still the two rivals held the floor, both determined not to give way.

As for Clarice, an inscrutable smile would flicker across her scarlet lips and she would know, exultingly, that the time had nearly come for her to strike for what she wanted.

Tantalizing, elusive pictures crossed her brain of herself as head of the hair-dressing department, and Edmund, the certain young hair-dresser of the Bond Street shop, as her assistant.

After a time, she thought, she would leave him to take over her place, and she would retire to Putney or Golders Green and keep house as Edmund's wife.

As she thought, her eyes would shine, and her determination would increase so that she would be even more charming and delightful to Mr. Sleet and Mr. Spuggings in turn.

Then, one day, things reached a crisis. Clarice was certain that she had wasted time enough and must certainly come to the point.

Therefore, over lunch one day at the little intimate restaurant in Bury Street, Clarice broached the subject.

She didn't want to worry him, she said, but she thought they knew each other well enough for her to ask.

Mr. Sleet sipped at a glass of white wine—an exquisite wine that, had he known it, ought to have been served with the fruit instead of the entrée. A sweet Château Yquem. But then Mr. Sleet had his own ways about drinking wine and nothing would change them.

"Quite so, my dear. Quite so—," said Mr. Sleet appreciatively.

Clarice bent on him the full battery of her lovely eyes and charming smile. "Dear Mr. Sleet," she cooed, "I was sure you would help me."

Mr. Sleet put down his glass and leaned across the table, putting his hand over hers amorously. "My dear young lady, of course I'll help you—anything you say . . ." He smiled at her. Added to himself, "With reservations!"

Clarice cried delightedly: "There! I knew you would. Dear Mr. Sleet. You see it's this way."

Confidentially she explained to him how Mr. Brown had offered her the management of the hair-dressing department, and unless dear Mr. Sleet would allow her to lease those three rooms that he owned, she would be unable to take the job. And that, of course, would be too terrible.

Mr. Sleet was sorry. Oh, so sorry. But you see those rooms were so useful to him. He didn't want to let them go. Unless—

And here Mr. Sleet stopped. His small beady eyes grew cunning.

"Unless?" Clarice asked breathlessly.

Well, Mr. Sleet did not care to say much. But he implied a good deal. A little supper, perhaps on Monday? A private room in that new restaurant, Pigale's in Soho, that was so famous. Oh, Mr. Sleet was sure that there they could come to some arrangement. Perhaps there he would offer her the new lease for those rooms. At a ridiculously low rent. But of course it depended on her!

Clarice quivered with suppressed rage. Nothing, she thought angrily, could get the better of that sly old fool. But she had to smile and say, "Perhaps," with praiseworthy reluctance.

Mr. Spuggings, attacked in the same manner, was slightly better but almost as firm. His cellars, he pointed out, were of value to him. True, there was a shop on the other side that was for rent. But it was too big for him, and the owners would not let him just lease the few rooms that he required.

But he would think it over. A twinkle lurked in the corner of his eye. Not for worlds would he have missed this. He rubbed the tips of his fingers together in delighted anticipation.

Perhaps she would come to dinner with him one evening?

"How delightful!" Clarice's ironical remark fortunately passed him by. "I suppose at Pigale's," she added in the bitterness of her frustrated hopes.

Mr. Spuggings was amazed.

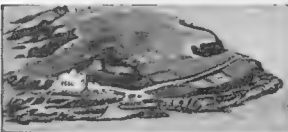
"But you've thought of the very place!" He put out one plump hand and patted her shoulder. In his mind's eye he pictured the supper in the cosy private room that he usually had. Antoine, the head waiter, would see to everything. A trusty fellow, Antoine.

Surely, he thought, he had got the better of that scoundrel, Sleet. Surely success was his at last!

"Shall we make it Tuesday, then?" he asked, his bald head shining like a polished egg under the light from the wall behind him.

Clarice could have screamed.

(Continued on p. xiv)



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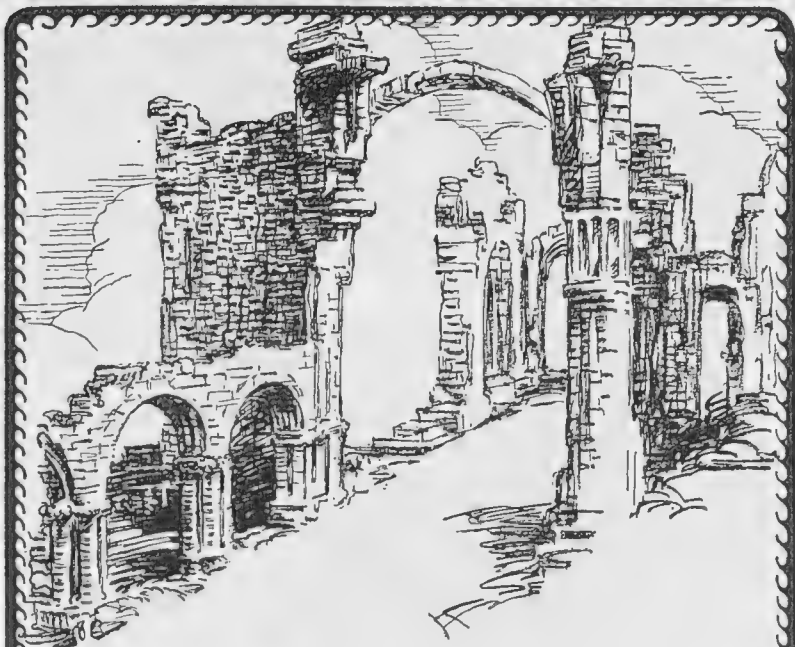
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Aldwych

Clarice was a Blonde—continued from p. xii

"Make it Monday," she said perversely. The ridiculous old fool! Supper parties! Their wives ought to know.

Speechless with disappointment and rage, she said good-bye and slipped back to the shop.

Back to the little table, the red-stained buffers, and the little blue bowl. And hands . . . hands . . . hands!

As she worked two massive tears of rage crept from under her eyelids and slowly trickled down her cheeks. She gulped and wiped them away, but not before young Mr. Brown had caught sight of them.

He made a little sympathetic sound and came over to her at once.

"Clarice! Why, child, what is the matter?"

Clarice turned to him and lifted up a tear-stained face.

"Oh," she sobbed pathetically, "I've failed. I can't get those rooms. Unless—unless. . . . Oh, the nasty-minded old devils! I hate them, I tell you!—I hate them!"

And still sobbing, she explained what had occurred.

Mr. Brown smiled twice to himself during the tale, but he was very careful that she did not see him. "Because he knew that Clarice would never forgive him if he had. Women are like that. And at the end he behaved with the greatest of discretion."

"There, there, don't cry, child, It doesn't matter." Somehow his arm had got around her waist. "Don't cry, Clarice. I've thought of a much better idea."

He left her side and dragged up a chair; then, imprisoning her slender fingers in his brown hands, he began to speak.

It seemed to Mr. Sleet that Monday would never come. And that when it did arrive the evening took an amazing time to draw near. Twice he was on the 'phone to Pigale's to make sure that everything was all right. And in the interval between lunch and tea he paid a personal visit.

Punctually at eight, therefore, he arrived at the entrance of the Soho restaurant, divested himself of his overcoat and hat, and chatted with the waiter about the table decorations.

He was still chatting at eight-thirty. At nine he had his watch out. At nine-thirty he was pacing the entrance up and down, wondering what had happened.

Suddenly, however, at two minutes past the half hour, a door opened at the end of the corridor and out came a solitary figure resplendent in a shining white shirt front and a bald head.

Mr. Sleet was astounded. "You!" he gasped furiously, before he had time to remember that he never spoke to Mr. Spuggings now.

Mr. Spuggings was equally astounded.

"You here?" he barked out.

Mr. Sleet was annoyed. "Haven't I a right to be?" he demanded with some heat. "This place is free. What are *you* doing here?"

They glared at each other furiously, then, with one accord looked anxiously towards the door. Nothing happened. Mr. Sleet resumed his pacing. A door behind them opened and Antoine came forth.

Mr. Spuggings left his post and went towards him.

"Has a young lady come for me?" he asked agitatedly. "A fair young lady. Her name is Miss Bonner—Miss Clarice Bonner."

Mr. Sleet could hardly believe his ears.

"What's that? What's that? Miss Clarice is dining with me," he shouted out.

Mr. Spuggings grew red with temper.

"She's dining with me," he retorted.

"No!"

"Yes!"

There was a short horrified silence.

"Then, —?"

"She's —"

"Oh, damn!" said Mr. Sleet weakly.

Mr. Spuggings could say nothing.

Suddenly a twinkle came into being in the corner of his eye. He began to laugh. Softly at first, then gradually it got louder.

Mr. Sleet looked at him. The anger and horrified amazement died out of his face. He burst out laughing.

"Ha ha," laughed Mr. Sleet.

"Ha ha," laughed Mr. Spuggings.

Mr. Sleet wiped his eyes. "Come and have dinner with me."

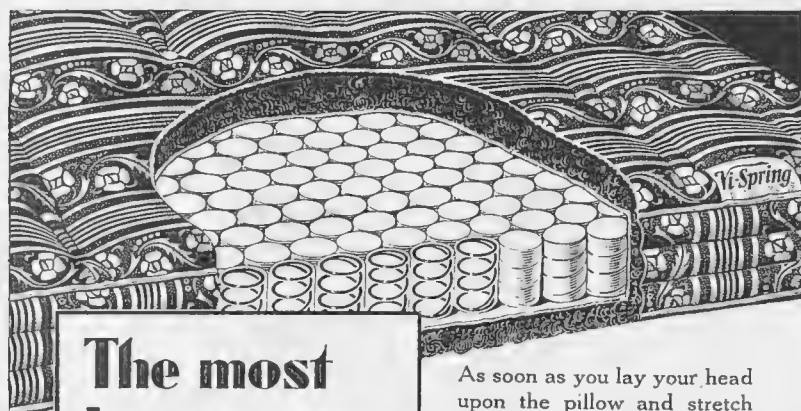
Laughing, Mr. Spuggings protested. "No, with me."

"Very well. Ha ha."

Then Mr. Sleet put his arm in that of Mr. Spuggings and they went in to dinner.

It was over this meal that Mr. Sleet and Mr. Spuggings arranged their now famous amalgamation. From henceforth they became known as Sleet, Sweep, Arding, and Spuggings. Famous for building waistcoats.

As for Clarice, she got her three rooms as a wedding present. Edmund was at the ceremony, looking magnificent in a top hat. But his brilliance was slightly dimmed by young Mr. Brown, who, as the bridegroom, naturally was the more interesting.



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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful

of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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PETROL VAPOUR

(Continued from p. 76)

often we fail to realize it. Put into other terms it means that that car is no good which has not ample power and which, in a word, cannot face and fight and defeat our silly h.p. tax. Knowing the influences which are behind the new Hillman, though ignorant of its details, I am assured that it is something very much out of the ordinary, and that it will be emblematic of that welcome new spirit in British endeavour with which urge the brothers Rootes are so closely identified. These fellows have vision and imagination. They soar over industrial depression. Whether their new car appeals to you or no, you will at least have to admit that they are doing their whack to reduce the tax-pressure upon our pockets.

* * *

Fire on the Car.

The other day I saw a car on fire, and really I don't think I know anything more horrifying. It all takes place so abominably quickly. All very well to talk about what you ought to do, but when you are faced with a sheet of flame I imagine that your reasoning powers are not at their best. On this occasion nothing serious happened, for the car was an open one and the driver was agile. I had not my stop-watch with me, but I should doubt if any man ever got out of a car more quickly. As the luck went, there was quite a lot of extinguishers within reach, and the thing was put out in double-quick time. All of which was a very beautiful and free object lesson. But I was confirmed in my feeling that a dashboard tank is a bad thing. It is too near the exhaust pipe and too near the ignition arrangements. . . . and the careless mechanic at the pump can



Arthur Owen

AT THE WEST NORFOLK POINT-TO-POINT

Captain Campbell and Miss Ryan at Necton, which is in the cream of the West Norfolk country—a very good one over which to hunt the fox. The Master is Lieut.-Colonel Oliver Birkbeck, a nephew of the late M.F.H., Colonel Charles Seymour, who has had such a long and distinguished connection with this hunt

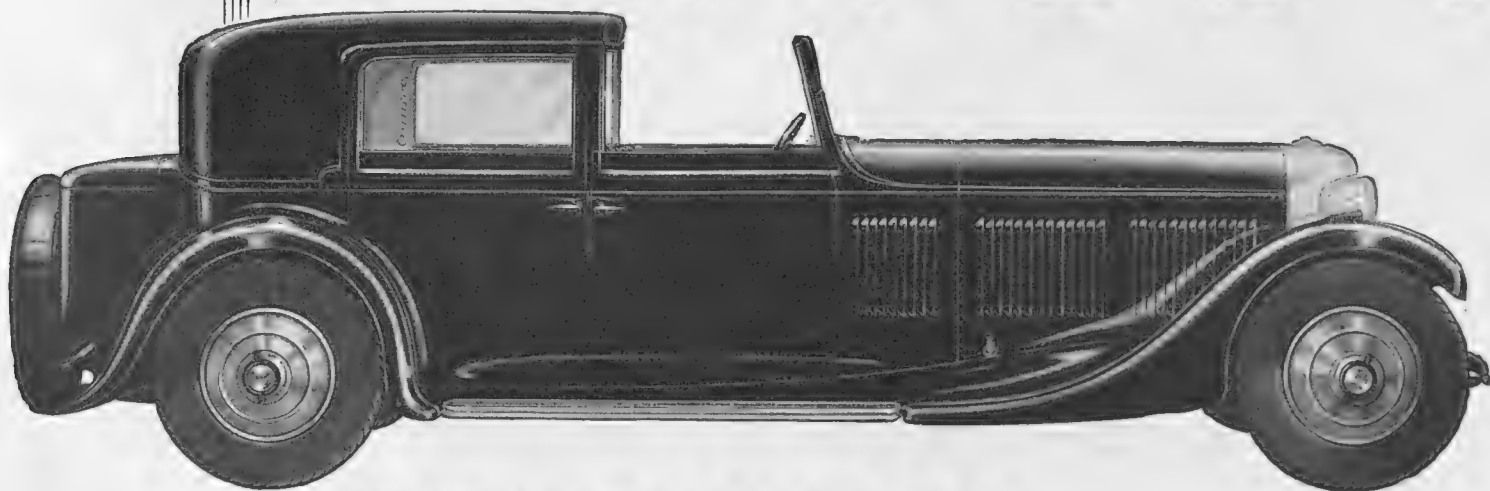
so easily fill it too full. I believe that on this occasion the chap had pulled up on the camber of the road, had had his tank filled in that position, and that when he got on to the level there was an overflow. Perhaps it is a lot to ask for, but why are not all tanks at the back, where they are safe, or at all events where fire is unlikely to occur? No doubt it is more costly to mount them thus, but if it can be done in one of the cheapest cars on the market, the Small Singer to wit, it cannot be too grossly expensive. I am all for safety. Triplex glass, four-wheel braking, low-built chassis—they are all first-class safety factors, but the best of them all is the tank at the back, and, for preference, bumpers to guard it.

AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 56

Airworthiness to be obtained from America, visited Heston with the Lockheed Vega in which he proposes to make the Capetown flight. The instrument equipment of this machine was much admired. It is more complete than the instrument equipment in British machines. Flight-Lieut. Staniland also entertained Heston from the air one day in a Firefly, but he did not land. Mr. Gordon Selfridge's new Meteor, a machine which owed its origin to the late Sir Henry Segrave, was flown to Heston. It has a metal fuselage.

The landing competitions which have been held at Hanworth recently have attracted many entries. Mr. Lessel Hutcheon obtained the highest score and won the competition on two occasions. His landings were remarkably accurate, with the extraordinary average of about 4 ft. from the mark. Hanworth proposes to challenge Brooklands and any other clubs that feel like it to a landing competition. The scheme is promising.

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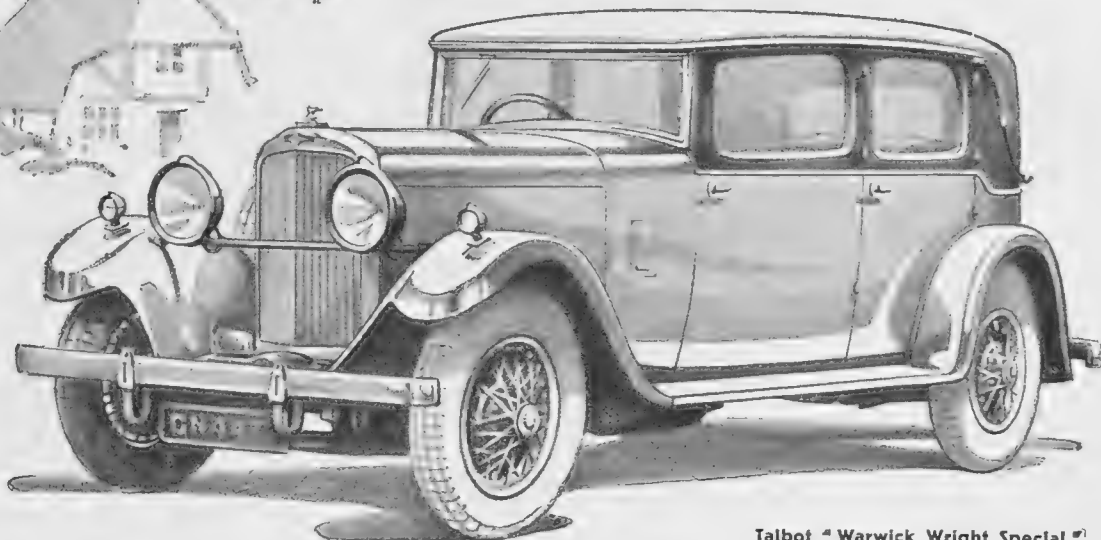
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Motor Notes and News

The Alvis Car and Engineering Co., Ltd., of Coventry, has just announced the introduction of an attractive new model selling at £410. The chassis of this car, which is known as the 12-60-h.p. sports model, is generally similar to that of the popular "12-50,"



Singer "Ten" enthusiasts use their handy mount as a grand-stand at the recent Hertfordshire Point-to-Point meeting at Friars Wash, Herts. Note the convenience of the sliding roof!

but the compression ratio of the engine is somewhat higher. A specially balanced twin-carburettor system, giving considerable increase in power combined with remarkable smoothness, is another deviation from standard, whilst the rear springs are modified to provide safe and comfortable driving at the much higher speeds of which the new model is capable. The gear-box is of the close-ratio type and the transmission at all speeds is remarkable for its smoothness. In Brooklands trim the car will easily attain 90 m.p.h., whilst to standard body-work specification it is capable of 85 m.p.h. A speed of 65 m.p.h. can be reached in third gear. The appearance of the car is extremely

attractive. Cycle type wings are fitted and the "beetle"-shaped tail encloses a single dicky seat and the quickly adjusted, disappearing hood. Despite the high power out-put, it is stated that petrol consumption averages thirty miles per gallon.

* * *

One of the reasons for the world-wide fame of the three X's on a piece of Triplex glass is the stringent nature of the tests which are carried out at all periods of manufacture. A particularly interesting test is that to which samples of the glass made are subjected every few minutes of the day. When the glass is cut to shape, but before it is sand-wiched with celluloid, it is placed on travelling racks. Each rack has at least one pair of panes sent to the test laboratory, work on all the other panes in the rack being held up until the sample has been passed O.K. Amongst these tests is one which proves that the finished product really is safety glass. The sample piece is mounted horizontally on a frame and a steel ball, weighing nearly 2 lb., is dropped from a height on to it. The impact, of course, stars the glass, but if anything more than a sprinkle of powder comes away the whole rack is rejected. This test ensures that every piece of glass is true safety glass.



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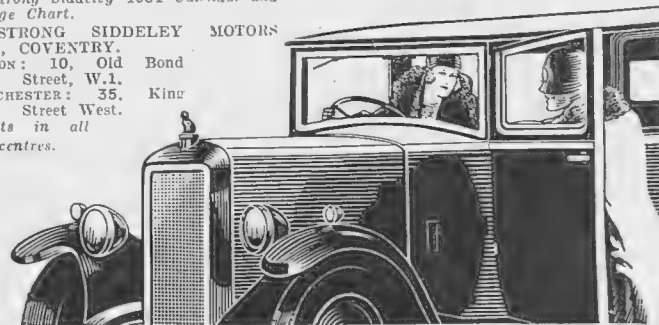
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

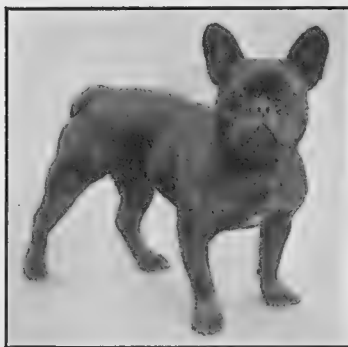
Our Open Show will soon be upon us, and as it behoves all members to support it, they should be busy preparing themselves, their dogs, and their children. The Children's Classes were such a success last year and provided so much interest that they are to be repeated this year. The judges are Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Lady Sophie Scott, and Mr. Carbery. Dogs belonging to children and competing in their classes were, by kind permission of the K.C., allowed to come in in time for the judging on the second day last year, and to leave immediately after, and it is hoped the same privilege will be granted this year. If anyone who has a child anxious to show its dog is not quite certain what to do, will they call at 87, Knightsbridge, and Mrs. Trelawny will supply full information. The classes, together with the General Obedience classes and the judging of the specials, will make the second day of the Show full of interest.

Miss Dixon has had a run of illness lately and has had to keep away from shows. However, that is over, and she hopes to start showing again this summer; she has felt very out of it being away so long. The picture she sends is of four of her well-known Dachshund bitches; one of these is the beautiful bitch, Karlova. Miss Dixon has had a trying experience with one of her dogs which seemed in great pain; she hurried him to the vet., who operated and removed a quantity of bits of galvanized



DACHSHUND BITCHES
The property of Miss Dixon

wire. However, peritonitis had already started, but the vet. managed to pull him through. The same pup shortly after had distemper, so he seems to be having all his troubles at once. Dachshunds are popular dogs, and Miss Dixon has sent hers all over the world. There will shortly be some litters to dispose of.



Ralph Robinson

BARKSTONE EUGÉNIE
The property of Mrs. Townsend Green

The French bulldog is a dog of great character and attractiveness. There is something endearing about his snub face and snorting ways. As a show dog he has the added interest of not being very easy to breed, and therefore it is all the more credit to those who do breed good specimens. Mrs. Townsend Green is one of these; she seems to have got the secret of how to produce first-class dogs, and champion after champion emanates from her kennel. Barkstone Eugénie, whose picture we give, is one of her latest successes. She is a lovely bitch, as can be seen, of true French bulldog type.

Mrs. Foljambe has just returned from a most successful trip in Tanganyika, and as she is starting a cattle farm there she will be going back shortly, and in consequence she wishes to disperse her Rhodesian Ridgebacks at a nominal cost. She has six puppies six months old for disposal, and three adults; the others she will take to Africa with her. So this is a chance for anyone wishing to start in an interesting and uncommon breed. All these dogs are of the true type, and have always attracted much attention on the few occasions when they have been shown. The whorl on the back is totally

different from anything known in any other breed. Besides this, Ridgebacks are staunch dogs of great character and excellent guards, being accustomed in their native land to guard the farmhouses. The photograph is of the pups which are for sale, but taken of course some months ago.

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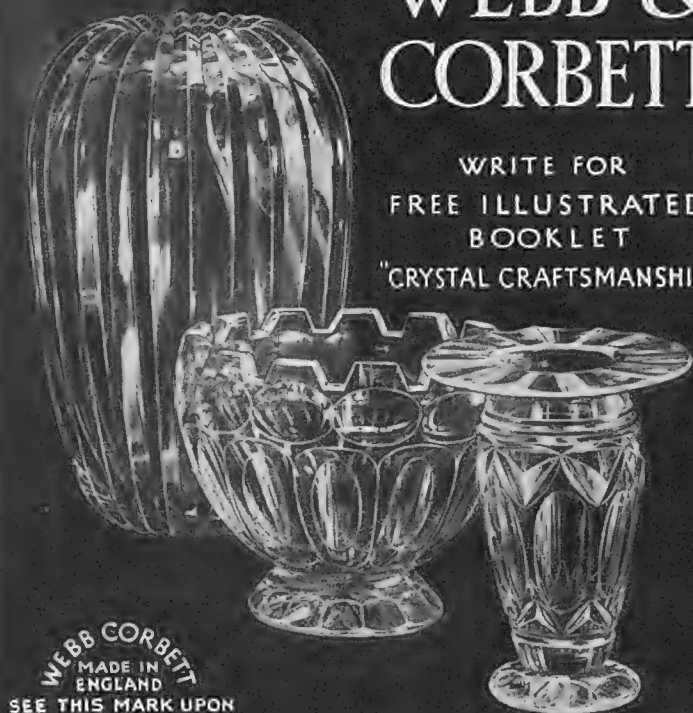


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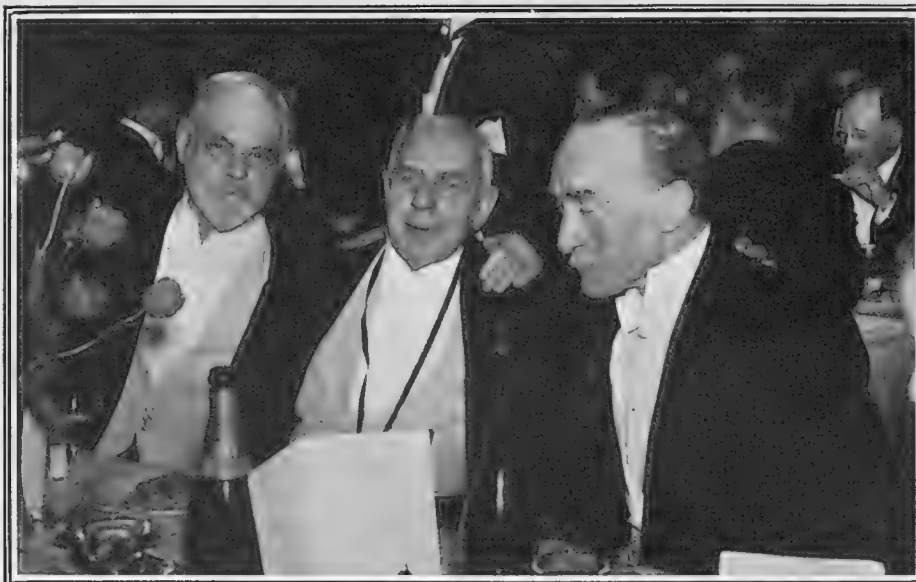
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Notes From Here and There

Columbia have issued recently some rattling good dance records, which include the following: "We All Go Oo-Ha-Ha Together" and "I'm Ticked Pink with a Blue-eyed Baby"; "You're Driving Me Crazy" and "When You were My Sweetheart and I was the Kid Next Door"; "Bathing in the Sunshine" and "Hurt." All these three are played by Jack Payne and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. Ben Selvin and his orchestra play "Cheerful Little Earful," and "It's Easy to Fall in Love"; "The Song of the Fool" and "I Miss a Little Miss." "Blue Again" and "One More Waltz" by the Ipana Troubadours. Layton and Johnstone have just made three new records which should all prove popular: "Wedding Bells are Ringing for Sally" and "On a Little Balcony in Spain"; "You're Driving Me Crazy" and "The Little Things in Life"; "Bathing in the Sunshine" and "Makin' Wicky-Wacky Down in Wai-kiki." Turner Layton, singing by himself, gives "Mighty Lak' a Rose," with "Lil' Gal" on the reverse side.

The Royal Victoria Hotel at St. Leonards is an ideal Spring retreat and has been popular for over one hundred years. Here, in this sun-kissed spot on the south coast, those who can take their leisure in Spring time find quietness and luxury. The visitors' book contains many famous names of the Royal Family, including those of King George and his father and mother. Generation by generation the hotel has been modernized and improved so that to-day it offers remarkable comfort without losing any of its older charm.

Prince Takamatsu and his Princess with entourage of ten recently spent a few days at the Palace Hotel, Torquay. They were accompanied by the



AT THE WATER-COLOUR ARTISTS' CENTENARY BANQUET

Mr. A. T. Nowell, R.I., Mr. A. W. Pilleau, and Mr. Sydney Lee, A.R.A., who were amongst the large company which forgathered to celebrate the Centenary Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Mr. Arthur Nowell is both a portrait and landscape painter, and Mr. Sydney Lee has a world-wide reputation, and has had some of his works purchased by the Chantry Bequest and by many other public bodies

Sasha

Controller of the household to H.I.H., the physician, lady-in-waiting, and gentleman-in-waiting, secretary, and naval attaché, etc. The Prince visited Plymouth and Devonport, where he was entertained by the naval authorities. The Princess drove for about a couple of hours round Torquay and district, and visited Dartmouth Naval College on the following day.

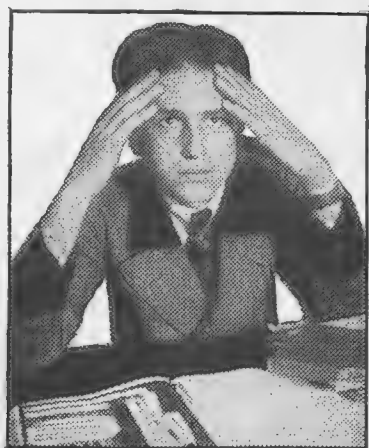
One of the most attractive pageants staged at the Albert Hall will be seen on Thursday, May 14. It will be the occasion of the Jubilee Festival of the Waits and Strays Society and H.R.H. the Duchess of York will attend. Over 1,500 performers will be taking part, amongst whom will be the Countess of Ypres as Mother Church, Miss Vilma Delmar, Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, Miss Thea Philips, Miss Esther Coleman, Mr. Tudor Davis, Mr. Carlo di Rivoli. Mr. Terence Casey will be at the grand organ. A large contingent of performers including the Brighton Harmonic Society will be taking part under the conductorship of Mr. Percy Taylor, and the London Choral Society and a special orchestra will be conducted by Mr. Arthur Fagge.

As Their Majesties' first two Courts have been fixed for May 19 and 20, Lady Howard de Walden is changing the date of Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball from Tuesday, May 19, to Thursday, May 28. The Ball will take place, as previously announced, at Dorchester House Hotel, Park Lane, and will be in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital Rebuilding Fund. The débutantes who have already agreed to take part in the traditional Cake ceremony, which will be the chief feature of the Ball, include Miss Ann Charteris, the Hon. Irene Cholmondeley, Lady Patricia Hare, Lady Caroline Paget, and the Hon. Daphne Strutt.

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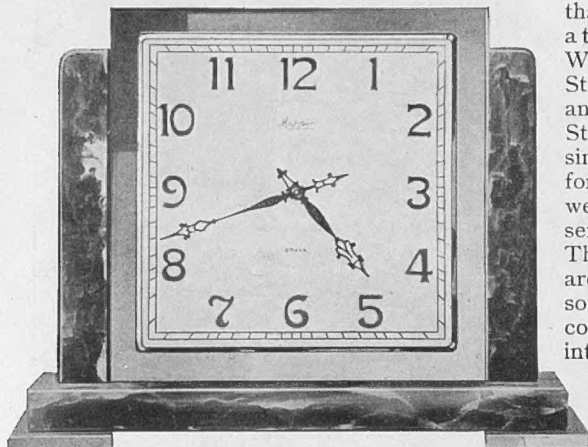
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collection of clocks than those assembled at Mappin and Webb's, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; there are simple affairs suitable for general gifts as well as elaborate presentation models. There are some that are available for a sovereign, while the cost of others runs into several figures.

Who would not desire to own the eight-day chromium and green onyx timepiece pictured on this page? There are others in crescent form carried out

in chromium. A feature is likewise made in these salons of grandfather clocks. Some do not play the rôles of timekeepers, the faces remain, the interiors are removed, and the space occupied by the works is fitted in accordance with the wishes of the purchaser. By the way, all in quest of wedding and other gifts must make a point of visiting these salons at the earliest opportunity, as there are a host of possibilities to explore. Should distance or other circumstances prevent a visit the illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free. It really is a particularly useful brochure, and one that should be kept for reference. It is compact and neat.

Court Head-Dresses.

Débutantes who are looking forward to being presented at Their Majesties' Courts this year are very interested in the subject of the arrangement of their coiffures. Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W., as usual is focussing his attention on creating artistic coiffures that shall be in accordance with the Court Regulations. There is a certain fulness about the curls they are to wear, which is of the greatest assistance in supporting the veils and the plumes. Brunettes and women with deep golden hair may regard themselves as lucky, as the modish hairdressing throws up the lights and tints in a perfectly marvellous manner. M. Emile declares that he considers that the present length of the hair is ideal, as it allows for just the right suggestion of elaboration, no matter the type of face.

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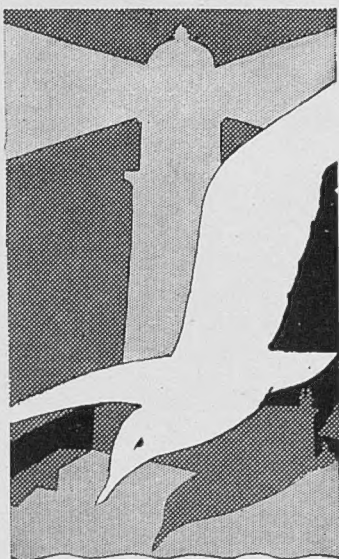
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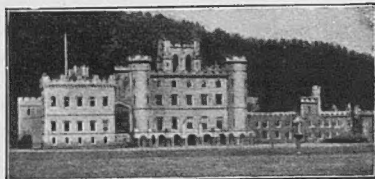
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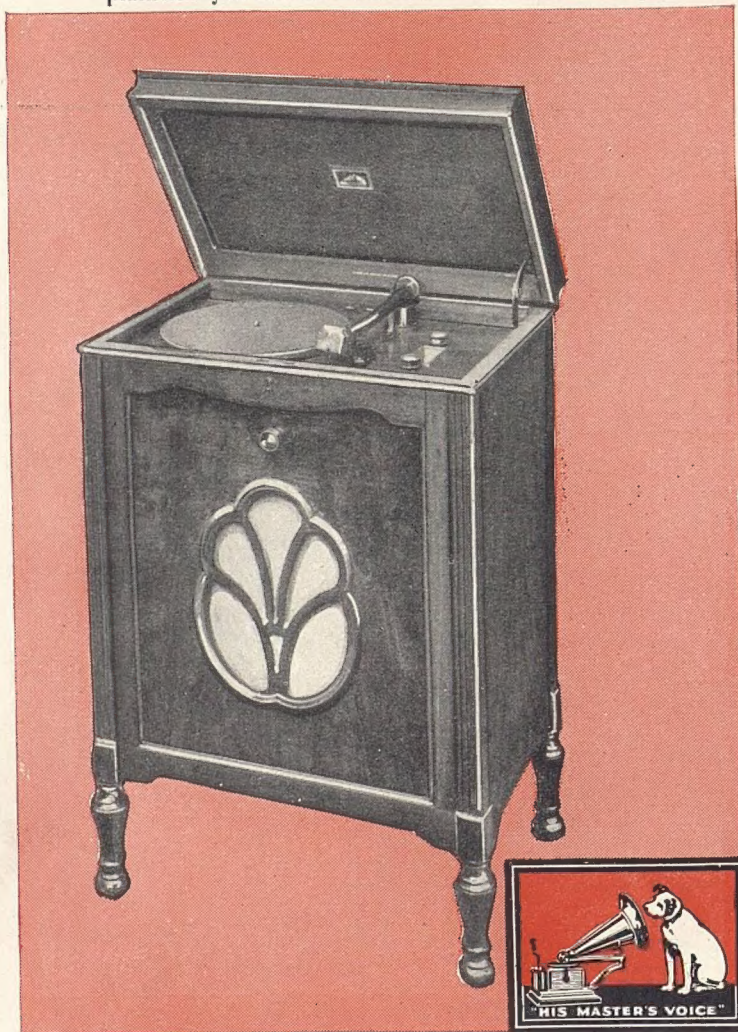
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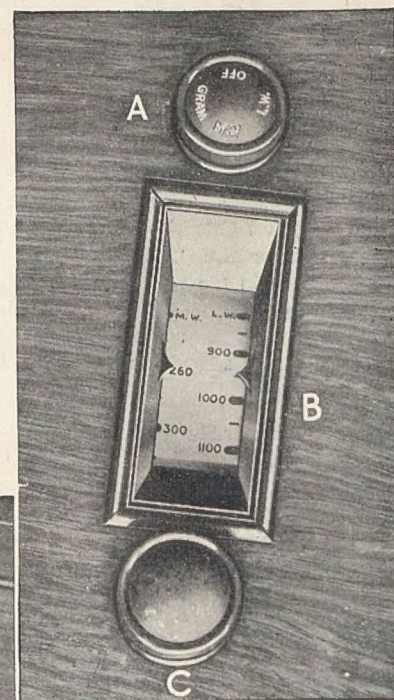
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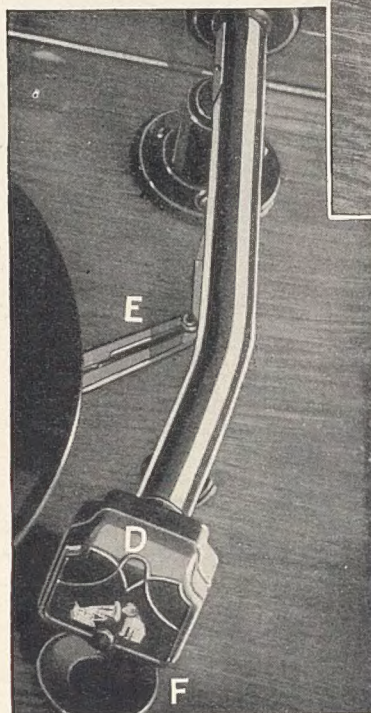
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